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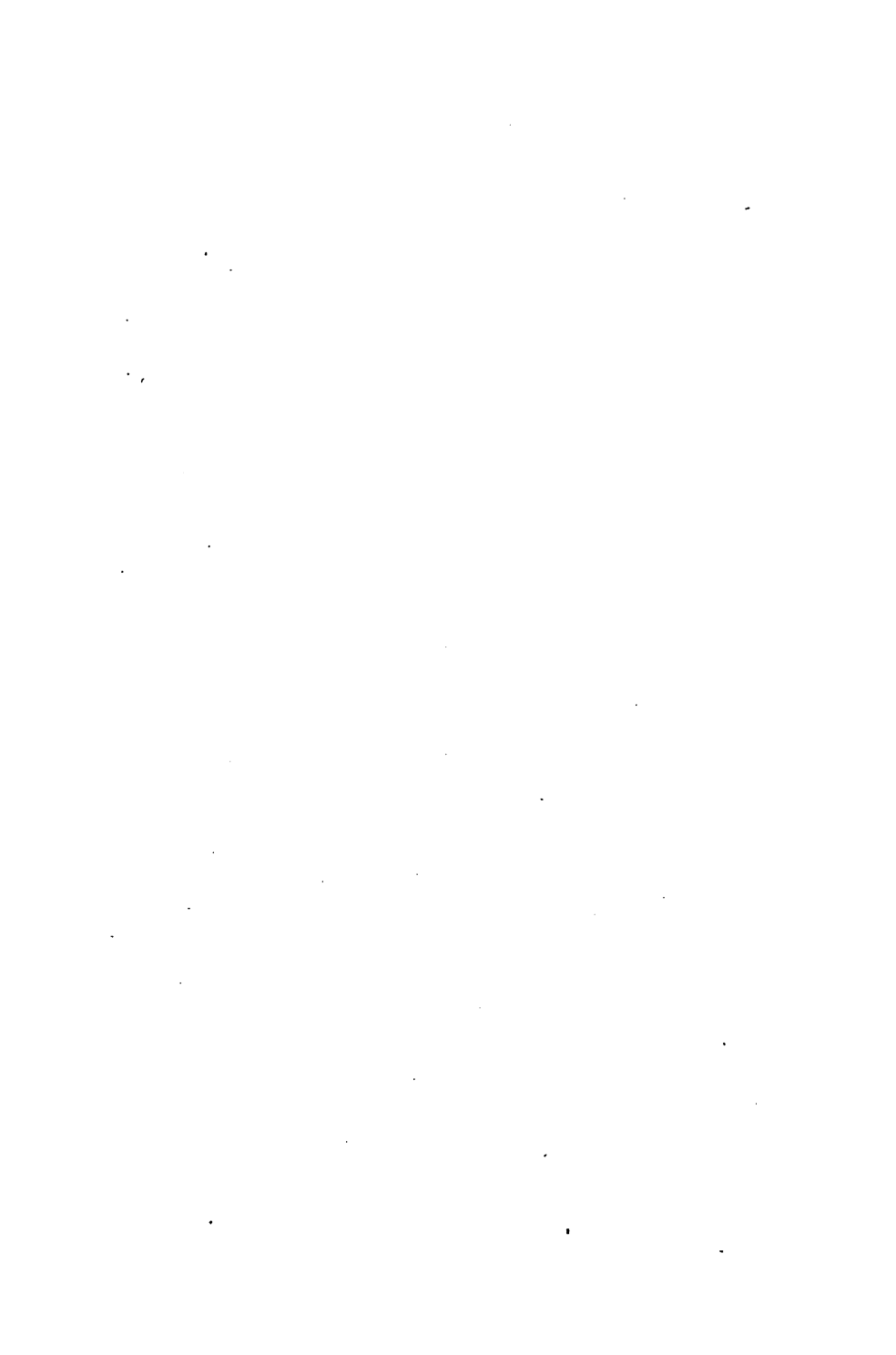
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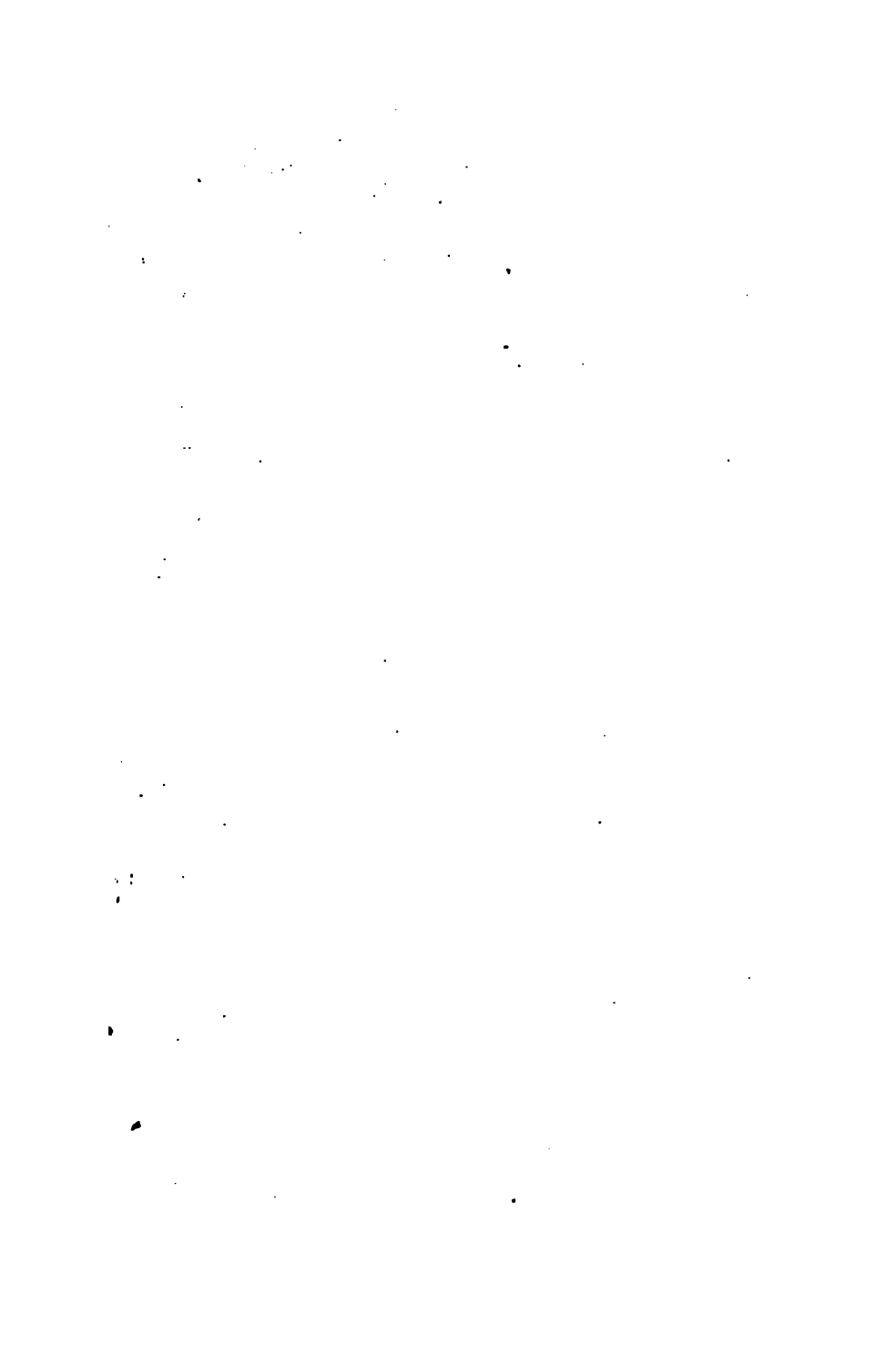
37.

492.











THE
YOUNG DUELLISTS;

OR, THE
AFFAIR OF HONOR.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

"Unterrified
His steadiness he kept, his love, his zeal,
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind."—

MILTON.

London :

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' HALL COURT;
DARTON AND HARVEY, GRACECHURCH-STREET;
HAILES, PICCADILLY; AND BY ALL
BOOKSELLERS.

1837.

492.

W. LEWIS & SON,
PRINTERS,
21, FINCH-LANE, LONDON.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

PREFACE.

THIS little Volume, compiled (with others) whilst residing in the fertile county of *****, in one of her many little spots of landscape-beauty, gratifying to the eye as the pure atmosphere of her climate is congenial to the restoration from delicacy of frame to the bounteous enjoyment of health, was written, as a mere employment, during those hours of leisure from personal exertion, which hang so heavily upon the partial invalid; rendering fatigue of body increasingly depressive, from the want of the opposing energy of the mind.

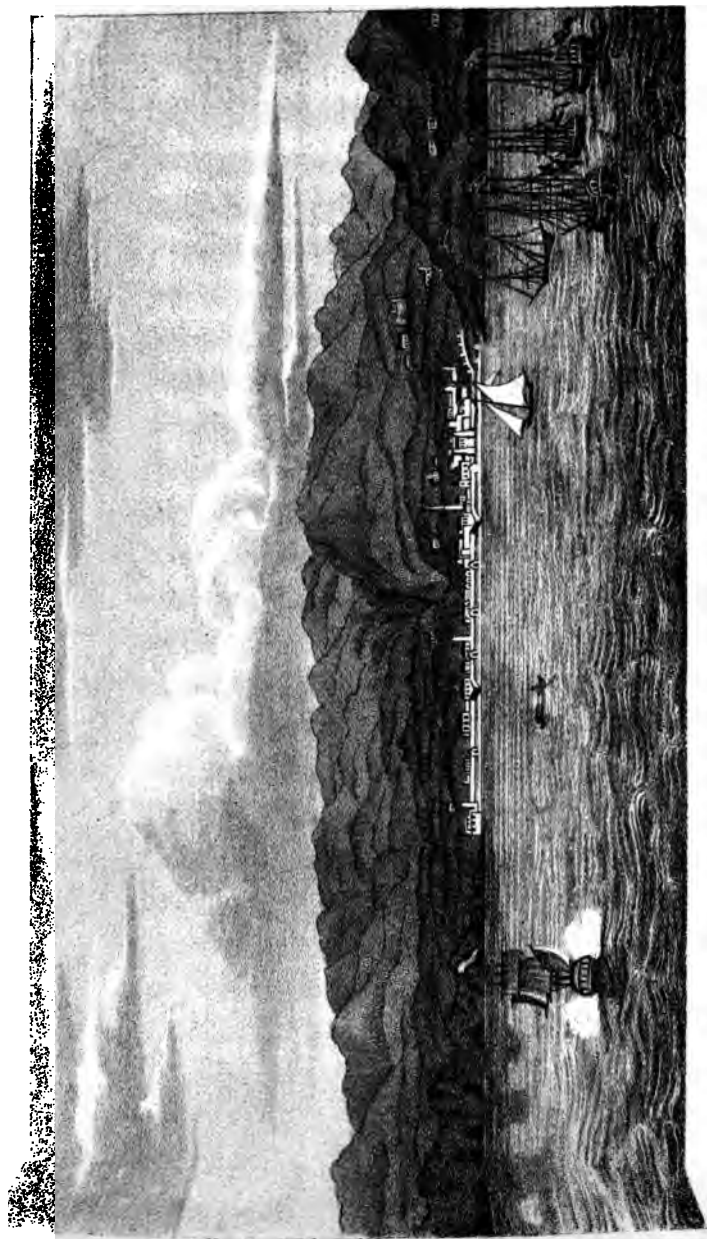
The Tale had its rise in an actual

matter of fact, which occurred, pretty nearly as detailed, to one of the Authoress' immediate relatives.

Inference rose upon inference, as line after line slipped from beneath the Writer's pen.

And, since Duelling at all times, with the religious part of the world, has been a subject of due abhorrence; and so lately has been judicially brought forward by the Belgic Government, forming one of the topics of *our* Daily Newspapers, it is hoped that the following pages may be found acceptable for Youth, and in accordance with the Times.

EASTER, 1837.



VIEW OF FUNCHAL.



Gold Piece.

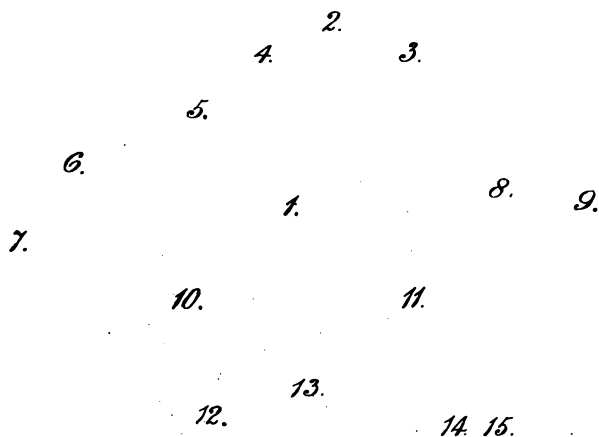


Large Silver Medal.



Silver Piece.





1. *Equity.*

2. *Joy with Modesty.*

3. *Joy with Admiration.*

4. *Piety.*

5. *Grief.*

6. *Friendly Anxiety.*

7. *Grief.*

8. *Parental Pride.*

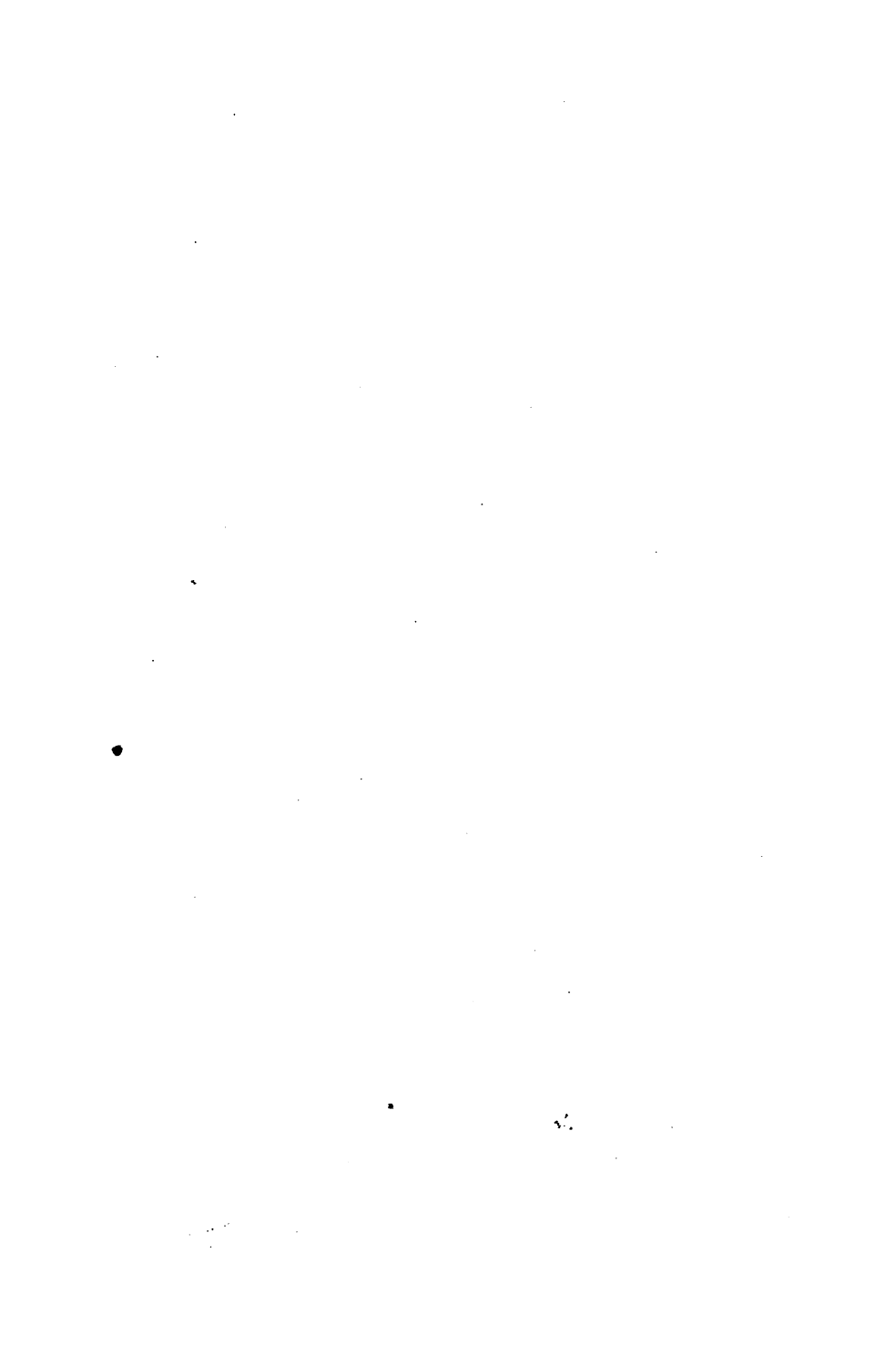
9. *The venerable Qua.*

10. *Talent.*

11. *Talent with Amiab.*

12 & 13. *Terror.*

14 & 15 *Mischief without Malice.*



THE YOUNG DUELLISTS ;

OR,

The Affair of Honor.

CHAPTER I.

Two young gentlemen of the same family, being at home for the holidays, and living near to each other, were constantly united by their parents in every plan for their amusement.

Edwin and William were nearly of an age, and having obtained prizes for various studies at school, were indulged by their gratified relatives in all the rational delights of a winter-season in London.

Their mornings were spent in visiting the British Museum, and the Society of Arts—

where each young gentleman had previously received in succession the silver isis, the large silver and, during the antecedent vacation, the gold isis medal, for specimens of figure and landscape-drawing.

In the former branch of art, Edwin was considered to possess much talent, though rather inclined to caricature—a species of tact which, however successful as a point of art, does not claim credit as an amiable acquirement, particularly if pursued as a means of ridiculing our friends : a fault at all times to be avoided by a good disposition.

“ A man renowned for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling ;
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.”

Still Edwin was clever, and his productions had met with public encouragement.

William's forte had more agreeably developed itself in bold sketches of village and

woodland scenery, and mountain delineation, wherein the minute figure, perched on eagle height, soaring in the loftiness of his daring to hundreds of feet above the little herd of cattle grazing in the foreground, or in the distance of the picture, the broken sides, the rugged ascent of the elevation, with the flowing river winding at its base, remind us, that though difficult, and perchance hazardous the road, perseverance may ultimately gain the summit in safety.

The cousins, then fourteen and fifteen years of age, were too young, and their application devoted to too great a variety of pursuits for them to have obtained perfection in their drawings and paintings. But the admirable and ostensible motive of that liberal-minded association (the Society) is "encouragement" not only of the Arts, but of the Sciences.

In the latter, our young gentlemen were as yet tyros, but, as fortunate candidates "in the department of the fine arts," they had enjoyed

the honor of receiving from the hands of the noble president, the Duke of Sussex, the Society's rewards.

Their visits now were those of gratifying remembrance;—for another and another look at the splendid pictures, by Barry, adorning the walls of the exhibition-room; a re-examination of the latest new models rewarded by the Society, adding to the already numerous collection in their large room on the ground-floor; and, very possibly, a polite inquiry after the health, and for the pleasure of a little chat with the amiable and lively lady-housekeeper.

The National Gallery, with many other places of public resort, also claimed their attention; whilst every evening a carriage rolled them swiftly either to a dance, or a concert, or company detained them within their own ample mansions; and thus the time of relaxation from studies realizing a continued festivity, the lads considered themselves richly recompensed for their previous close application.

Equally blessed in talents, and tolerably so in their expectations in life, they were nevertheless much opposed to each other in the grander qualities of the heart and mind.

Edwin, the elder of the two, was vain and ostentatious. He listened unblushingly and with open ears to the eulogiums bestowed on his industry and success; while the humble-minded William hesitated even to smile at the sound of praise, and would reply to the other, when he asserted that it was only the meed due to their personal merits, that commendation should be awarded to their masters, and acknowledgment made to their parents for giving them such excellent instructors.

"Ay, Ay," would Edwin exclaim, "but where would have been the use of all that, if we had not ourselves worked very hard indeed? How many of the boys went home with letters of disapprobation instead of prizes?"

William could not deny this lamentable truth, but he would still argue that the assist-

ance they received, had the greatest claim to the merit of whatever advancement they might aspire to in learning.

"You know we are not geniuses," said William one day, laughingly, "we are obliged to study, as you say, very hard indeed for what we acquire; but, without the guidance of men who have obtained the knowledge for which we are seeking, it would not be merely labor, it would be distressing drudgery. Besides, supposing that we were privileged to deny gratitude to our worldly friends, it is demanded from us by that Higher Power who has granted us our capabilities for exertion."

Here Edwin's temper burst the limits of his patience. He would listen no longer. And one evening, at his father's house, having purposely led the unsuspecting William to reply to a remark emanating from himself, wilfully and absurdly ostentatious, he suddenly interrupted him by entreating the company to stand up and dance—sing—play for—

effects—any thing they pleased, or cousin William would preach all night.

“And what think you,” said he, when he heard the laugh go round, and believed it to be a testimony of admiration at his wit, “What think you—would you really believe it, that William, by his intolerable prosing, actually made me lose the poetical prize, when otherwise, as sure as life, I should have gained it.”

“How so?” demanded a friend.

“O, he droned me into a nervous fever, and that so completely, that within an hour of sending in our pieces, I upset a bottle of ink over mine, whereby the chance was altogether lost to me.”

“Then you were justly punished,” said his father, “for, by your own account, good temper must have deserted you at the extremity of your distress, and without doubt your cousin had reason for talking or prosing, as you rudely express yourself.”

"No, I assure you, papa, I only—"

"Never mind the *onlys*," returned his rightly-judging parent, "we will hear William's version of the matter."

In vain William begged to be excused. He was obliged to stand forward, and thus modestly explained the truth.

"I did not wish to be my cousin's censor," said he, "nor to annoy him any way, and felt certain of his gaining two out of the four prizes at which we mutually aimed; but there happened to be an amiable boy of delicate health in the school, who, unable to keep up with some of us in the more laborious and intricate studies, and having a taste for poetry, had devoted much of his leisure, as well as his scholastic time, in making himself master of the theory of that art."

"I was aware that he had exerted the whole energy of his mind, and placed the happiness of his heart on a piece which had already excited him to considerable anxiety; there-

fore, with Edwin's probable success, otherwise I endeavoured to persuade him against trying for the reward for the best medical composition. In fact, he had no idea of doing so till within a very short time of the appointed examination."

"And who carried the day?" inquired some of the company, forgetting Edwin's statement of the accident.

"The sick lad," replied William, with an arch smile, "thanks to Edwin's bottle of ink."

"You need not laugh," returned Edwin angrily, "I think it was quite enough to make me lose the reward I had toiled for, as well as he."

"Presumption is seldom a guarantee of ability," rejoined his father. "I should rather imagine William's kindness over-estimated your performance, which more likely, even with deference to his judgment, would not have proved dangerous in the competition, especially as he confesses that it was thrown together hastily."

"A part of the story I am well acquainted with from other sources of information, and it was this morning that the invalid sailed in one of our vessels, to try the air of Italy, by medical advice. He was too ill to be permitted to see any of his school-fellows, but he acknowledged to his guardians the amiable attentions he had received from my nephew, to whom, in the event of his death, he has requested that his late father's gold watch, chain and seals, and a pair of splendid pistols, may be presented."

"I hope he will not die!" exclaimed the younger cousin, tears glistening in his eyes, "but if he does, Edwin, I shall beg your acceptance either of the watch or of the pistols, as a compensation for the disappointment you have experienced."

"The pistols for me!" shouted the unfeeling Edwin; "and we will see if I cannot shoot another prize; ha, ha!"

Two or three of the visitors joined in a faint

laugh, but by far the greater number looked grave at the sorrowful countenances of both father and mother of the unthinking boy.

Duty to their guests, however, soon raised the dormant smile on the lips of the parents, if their hearts were not satisfied: and the band striking up a lively tune, and Edwin selecting a pretty girl of about his own age, and being tall, handsome, and a good dancer, the tale of the sick lad was speedily banished from remembrance, and light spirits and amusement reigned throughout the spacious rooms.

A few days subsequently to this event, Edwin and William set out from their residences for the purpose of calling upon an old Quaker gentleman, who had been kind to them from their childhood.

The weather was extremely severe. A strong North Easterly wind drifted the snow into their faces, while the intense coldness of the atmosphere froze every particle as it fell

beneath their feet; and, as they supported each other from falling, they wished they had arranged a skating-match with some of their young friends, instead of proposing this visit.

"Let us do so now," said Edwin, "Mr. Barton will be none the wiser, and it is but a visit of ceremony, which can be paid some other time."

"Not precisely so," replied William, "you know my Papa commissioned us with a message."

"Aye, that was because we ourselves said that we should go."

"Nevertheless," rejoined William, "since we have undertaken to deliver it, we ought so to do." And, resisting entreaties and remonstrances, with his cousin's arm firmly locked within his own, he persevered over the slippery ground, till at length they reached the Quaker's house.

William then ran smartly up the steps, which were well sanded to prevent accidents,

and knocking as loud a rat-tat as his nearly-frozen fingers would allow, and the door being quickly opened, there was an end to the controversy.

They were ushered into a warm snug room, where the old gentleman was finishing his early dinner.

A smoking apple-dumpling sent forth a delicious fragrance from the table, and our host, after welcoming the lads, invited them to partake of it with him.

"It will melt the frozen breath in thy throats," said he, "and prepare the way for a glass of wine."

William laughed, and his teeth somewhat chattered, but considering that the dumpling, though of a large size, might be perchance not more than the usual quantity of pastry completing the worthy man's dinner, and having taken luncheon previously to leaving home, he declined the offer.

"Wilt thou, my friend?" said the Quaker, addressing Edwin.

He unhesitatingly acquiesced; and the dumpling being cut in half was respectively deposited in two plates, and rendered still more relishing by powdered-sugar, nutmeg, a small slice of butter, and a squeeze of lemon: and the old gentleman and Edwin seemed greatly to enjoy the dainty, whilst William occupied the time in looking over a portfolio of engravings.

When the cloth was removed, and the wine placed on the table, the host invited the cousins to come near the fire, and try his choice Madeira.

They accordingly approached, and William in particular found both the wine and the fire truly acceptable, notwithstanding that the warmth of the room had already relieved him of that painfulness of sensation which first arises from a change of atmosphere in cold weather.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Barton, "that I was not made acquainted with the time when

I might expect the pleasure of this visit, as in that case I would have provided some excellent fruit. But look, William, into that cellar-drawer, I believe there is the last remaining bunch of those grapes we so carefully preserved in our hot-house at Twickenham.

William obeyed, and brought forward a beautiful though not a very large cluster.

"Eat them," said Mr. Barton smiling, "thou hast had no dumpling, remember."

Edwin, who had been looking wistfully at the elegant and luxuriant fruit, now turned away his head quickly. It was evident that a feeling of vexation had entered his mind: probably not with regard to the contents of the plate William held in his hand, so much as that he was angry with himself for having accepted readily what William's modesty had thought proper to decline; and when his cousin, on Mr. Barton's refusal to take any of the grapes, equally separated the bunch and presented one half to him, he haughtily refused it.

The worthy Quaker knew well the dispositions of the two lads. He easily divined that pride and anger, however unnecessary to the subject, had instigated the refusal, and he was not unwilling to convey a tacit reproof for such unreasonable folly.

He was a man of integrity, and would not have offered to any persons, more especially to youth, what he did not wish them to accept.

He inquired of William what he thought of a print he mentioned, in the portfolio which he was examining whilst they were eating their dumpling.

"I was delighted with it, Sir," said William, smiling.

"Wast thou, my good-tempered boy," rejoined the old gentleman gaily; "then thou shalt have it—not mine—thou shalt purchase one for thyself," and he gently dropped into the desert-plate before William a bright sovereign.

William expressed his thanks, and observed

that it must have come directly from the Bank or Mint, it appeared so new:

"From the latter to the former," said Mr. Barton, "and then to me; and it has not been longer in my possession than probably it will be in thine. I consider that I have well bestowed it, and thou wilt do the same if thou dost purchase an engraving worth the money. The sciences expand the mind, but the arts add a pleasing refinement to the more solid part of education, and should moderately be encouraged."

"But tell me, whilst thou was gratifying thy laudable admiration of these choice specimens of the talents of the best Artists, did not thy frame tremble and thy fingers shake with the cold?—I read thy answer by the expression of thy countenance. But mind, I would not have thee refuse another time, when thou art invited to what is good for thee; thou wouldst not have been asked at all if thou hadst not been welcome."

The worthy Quaker then conversed with both the lads respecting their progress at school.

This was a theme on which Edwin was so naturally eloquent, and so delighted to dwell upon, that he almost instantly recovered his temper; and the cousins being really proud of each other's attainments, and Edwin not referring to the poetical prize; the old gentleman in the end seemed equally pleased with his young friends, as they were charmed by his amiability and enlightened mind.

When they rose to take their leave, Mr. Barton returned an answer to the message delivered from Mr. William Pierpoint by his son, and writing a few lines on a slip of paper requested the cousins to present it on their way home, to Mr. —, the bookseller, who was a particular friend of his, and it would save him (Mr. Barton) the trouble of sending expressly.

This, when they had left the house, proved a fresh disturbance to Edwin's temper.

Why could not Mr. Barton forward the note by post, or let his servant take it? They had staid so long gossiping they should be late for dinner, and there was company expected; "and you know, William," said he, "you must go home to dress and then return to us, and your house is further off than mine is."

"Then probably," replied William laughing, "you are inclined to be the sole bearer of this note!"

"No, not I," said Edwin hastily, "I do not mean to take it at all."

"Then, to be candid with you," returned his cousin, "it is possible you may be a loser."

"Ah! how is that? Did Mr. Barton ever give you a note to leave anywhere before this?"

"Yes, when I was a very little boy, and during the time that you were at Hastings with your Mamma. It was to this identical book-seller. I was desired to place it in no hands but those of the individual to whom it was addressed."

18. If I had to go six times before I could see him, he was either engaged or from home. At length he received it, and told me that it was well for my advantage that I had not given the note to any one but to him, for had I not minded what had been said to me, I was to have been informed, that an answer would be sent to Mr. Barton; now, his directions were, to allow me to choose whatever book I should think proper from his shop."

19. "And was it then," demanded Edwin, "that you chose Cowper's Poems?"

20. "Yes, Mamma had been eulogizing them the day previously. I knew her judgment must be better than mine, therefore desired to have what she admired."

"And you gained three volumes instead of one," exclaimed Edwin.

21. "I refused them when I found that to be the case, but the bookseller insisted that it was all right. I brought them home, and Mamma wrote in them as you may have seen, 'a kind

remembrance from Mr. Barton to my dear boy. May he never forget the lesson!"

"Well, that is droll enough," said Edwin. "I have often read those words, and took the matter for granted that our old friend, Mr. Broadbrim, had been setting you a task, perhaps tasking you with a portion of 'the Task,' and, pleased with your learning it, had given you the work as a remembrance of himself."

"I hope I have learned the lesson, to do as I am bidden," replied William. "But I should not have excited your expectations, had you not appeared determined to slight the commission we mutually undertook to execute."

"So I did," said Edwin, "in a lively tone; but now I have learned my lesson also, therefore come along, Mr. Prosy."

They were not disappointed. An elegant set of the classics rewarded one of the cousins, and to the other was presented a beautiful selection of the British Poets. And, choosing to be the bearers of their own treasures, they

were obliged to take a coach, which conveyed them so rapidly, that they arrived in good time to dress for dinner, and were commended for their diligence and the neatness of their appearance.

CHAPTER II.

The Turks have a proverb which says, "The Evil One tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the Evil One."

THE vacation ended, the cousins returned to school, whence, in three years' time, they removed to college, for the completion of those studies in which they had been so well prepared.

The fathers of the lads were merchants of the greatest respectability, connected with the first houses in Europe, Asia, and America, desirous that their sons should succeed to their extensive business, nor less anxious that they should be capable of supporting with dignity the acquired wealth which would eventually devolve to them.

The Messrs. Pierpoint were rich ; but Edwin's father, the senior in age and in the firm, having also married an heiress, was

considered to be worth more, both in funded and in landed property, than his younger brother.

Mrs. Pierpoint, we have said, was an heiress; she was also of high family, and truly amiable, but unfortunately very delicate health had prevented her paying that attention to the formation of her son's mind, which children of either sex so decidedly require from the tender watchfulness of a mother.

His father also being much occupied, the young Edwin was left greatly to the care of menials, from whom he unhappily acquired those narrow-minded views and sentiments we have already seen partially displayed.

William's mother, on the contrary, was a merchant's daughter, of family and circumstances similar to those of her husband. She was blessed with a good constitution; and, actively alive to the responsibility of her maternal duties, spared neither pains nor exertion in drawing forth the better faculties and the good

feelings of her son. And when he left the protection of her roof for the first time, she saw him depart with less reluctance than she would have done otherwise, from the confidence, that the good seed which she had so industriously sown could never be effectually eradicated, and would in all human probability preserve him from the overwhelming tares of the world.

Her affectionate solicitude was amply rewarded. The approbation of his parents, next to that of his own conscience before a righteous God, became the guiding-star of William's conduct, and safely carried him through the many little difficulties attendant on a first separation from the indulgencies of home. And it proved to be a most inestimable safeguard against those temptations and follies to which young lads are but too apt to yield from the fear of being laughed at by their elder or more mischievous companions : thereby caus-

ing to themselves disgrace, and sorrow to their friends.

When the cousins first arrived at college, they continued to study together as formerly, and their preceptors were as satisfied with one as with the other.

But some youths of rank, ascertaining that Edwin's mother was of high family, and himself a lad of spirit, sought to give him a little of the *ton* after their own fashion.

Edwin, delighted by the marks of consideration shown him by these young men, soon began to think contemptuously of his cousin's society, whose mother, though truly respectable, which he could not deny, was nevertheless of a different grade to the noble race whence Edwin Pierpoint sprung!

The amiable William forebore noticing this estrangement of manner, accompanied by many covert points of rudeness, until the masters complained of Edwin's defalcation

from the steadiness for which he had been previously commended by them.

He then openly remonstrated with him, and earnestly entreated him to relinquish those wild friends with whom he had of late been so intimate, and to less frequent those numerous parties of pleasure, which hindered his customary application, and would unquestionably offend his kind parents, if they were to hear of his inattention.

Edwin desired him to attend to his own business; and since he had met with companions suitable to his mother's rank, he should consider the credit due to her family, and not disgrace it by drudging for a dirty counting-house, "which resolution," said he, "I intend shortly to convey to my father, decidedly, though of course respectfully."

"Respectfully!" cried William in amazement, at a word so misappropriately applied. "It would be hardly possible to couch such a resolution respectfully! I fear it would be

received as ingratitude without the slightest melioration ! Let me beg of you, my dear Edwin, only to consider—”

“None of your only’s !” replied the wilful lad, “My father would have none of mine. By the bye, I should like to get those pistols. Lord Dungarton has just had such beautiful ones sent down from London ; powder, shot, and bullets enough to serve half the college. Have you heard lately from Italy, William ?” “No,” returned his indignant cousin, “and, I hope I shall not very soon again, if the next news gives you the pistols, and me the watch.”

“Farewell then, Mr. Sentimental,” replied Edwin, sneeringly, “and, I shall get a pair for myself.”

He strode from the apartment, hastened to the other end of the town, and there purchased the handsomest that could be obtained, paying for them the entire sum he had that morning

received for his pocket-money, and various expenses.

On his again entering the room where he had left his cousin, but who was now absent, he found my Lord Dungarton, and three of his fraternity, who had called to invite him to join them at a game at cricket.

They changed their inclination, however at the sight of the pistols, and voted for an essay of skill, in firing at a mark. They who best understood the matter, instructing the others.

So far was prudent, and, with the exception of Edwin's extravagance, and the fact of self-indulgence, he was not to blame in that particular movement of his general conduct.

But who shall dare calculate the result when gratification, although innocent in itself, arises from pride and contemptible envy !

The young men quitted the town, and amused themselves for awhile, each at fixed paces, firing at the trunk of an old oak-tree in the centre of a beautiful meadow.

This agreeable amity did not long continue. Edwin, charmed with his purchase, could not refrain from talking so much about the splendour of its workmanship, and the pleasure of buying good things, that one lad, whose allowance was not equal to such expensive articles (not imagining otherwise than that Edwin could well afford them), and being possessed with precisely that same kind of envious desire which had swayed the mind of Mr. Pierpoint, thought proper to indulge himself in the gratification that was within his power, and with no slight degree of spleen vented many petty side-remarks on the vanity of the merchant's son.

Most unhappily for the temper of Edwin, he overheard one of these taunting speeches, which concluded, by advising that the vaunted pistols, by way of being well taken care of, should be hung over-head of Mr. Edwin Pierpoint's high stool, in Murky Counting-house, Sum-it-up Alley.

“Sum up your impudence,” cried Edwin, (forgetting his own expression of the morning), and snatching one of the weapons from the hand of the lad, who was in the act of firing at the old tree, he nearly lodged the contents in the face of the insulting wit.

General exclamation followed, and the party immediately dividing, drew off to either side, declaring, that Mr. Pierpoint and the Hon. Mr. Courtney must fight it out. “With a bullet,” indignantly replied Edwin, “will I teach the unmannerly cub to remember that my mother’s birth places me on a level with any one present.”

“Two words to that, Mr. Pierpoint,” rejoined my Lord Dungarton. “However, that is a point which can be settled some other time; and, as you have your own pistols, Mr. Courtney shall be welcome to the service of mine.”

It is not to be supposed that these young gentlemen, who prided themselves upon their

'ton,' though most of them commenced this morning as novices in practice, were unacquainted with the theoretical part of that silly and wicked art.

Wicked, in the presumption of depriving a fellow-creature of that life which has been given to him by his Maker, and much more simple than manly, to allow one's-self to stand still and be shot at!

An art which certainly the respectable judgment of Mr. Barton did not include with those bestowing a refinement on education.

Nay, indeed, they had studied the most approved authorities, though perchance not exactly anticipating thus early an opportunity of illustrating their knowledge.

Nevertheless, every arrangement was made with the greatest *Gentlemanly* precision, and Edwin, who, at his first taking his stand on the measured ground, had felt something like a qualm of conscience dart rapidly through his heart, and communicate its agony to his brain

as the reflection presented itself, had I not despised my cousin, this had not come to pass ; seeing that his opponent turned deadly pale, he imagined him to be a coward, and despising him also, at the command to fire, he took deliberate aim.

Doubtlessly, Edwin did not for an instant expect or desire the actual death of the Honorable Mr. Courtney, he would have shuddered at the bare idea ; but temper, haughtiness, scorn, influenced the direction of the disastrous weapon, and the cherished son of the younger branch of a noble house the next moment lay stretched a corpse in the centre of that beautiful meadow which was thenceforward to be a spot of sorrowful remembrance.

The ball, as it appeared on a *post mortem* examination, had penetrated the heart, causing immediate death.

William, who had been sauntering, book in hand, towards the very field where the sports had begun so harmlessly and were now ended

so ruefully, at the report of the pistol and the exclamation of alarm which accompanied the fall of Mr. Courtney, precipitately leaped the stile, and rushing forward, demanded who had done the deed ?

“ It was I,” replied Edwin, “ but this shall expiate my crime. This shall finish the business :” and catching from the hand of his second the remaining pistol, he presented it to his own forehead.

His cousin seized it also. In the scuffle it went off, and severely grazed William’s left hand.

“ Never mind it,” said the generous boy, wrapping his pocket-handkerchief hastily round his wound. “ Never mind it. You must fly from the town before this is known, and from the kingdom as quickly as possible. You received fifty pounds this morning, did you not ?

Edwin blushed deeply, and looked at the fallen pistols as his only answer.

William's comprehension supplied this lack of words, and taking out his pocket-book he presented to his cousin his own note for the same amount, and some loose gold and silver, that, being obliged to change the larger sum, might not delay his flight.

"We must likewise decamp," said Mr. Springthorne, the son of a gentleman residing in the county, and who had been, during the few seconds of this conversation, supporting the head of the unfortunate Mr. Courtney on his knee.

There did not appear to be, in the minds of any of the marksmen, nor even in William's, the least expectation but that Mr. Courtney, as it proved, was, at the time, quite dead. They notwithstanding bound up the wound with his own neckerchief as a matter of propriety, and laid the body at its length upon the grass.

William then proposed, that as he was the only innocent individual of the party, he should undertake the responsibility of remaining

by the corpse, whilst they proceeded to the nearest inn, at which post-chaises were to be hired. "Engage two," said he, "and when on the road towards these meadows, direct one of them to my assistance. Manage it the best way you can, and perhaps my silence, till I hear that you are safely across the channel, may prevent your being successfully pursued.

The young men severally thanked William for his disinterested kindness, and bidding him a different farewell to that which Edwin bestowed upon him in the early portion of this ill-fated day; and with very opposite feelings to those with which they usually had parted, they now separated.

CHAPTER III.

"Undertake actions deliberately, but having undertaken them go through with them," said Bias, one of the seven wise men of Greece.

WILLIAM, thus left to himself, employed the first few minutes of his mournful leisure in arranging the gown of the fallen youth over his person. He then sat down by the side of it, and listened anxiously for the first sound of the desired vehicle.

The London road skirted the meadows, and William's heart throbbed violently when he heard the sound of approaching wheels, and felt that his moment of action was about to commence.

But the carriage drove on, the noise died away, and for the instant he experienced almost relief that it had done so.

When, however, an hour had passed, and two—three hours had intervened, bringing the afternoon nearer to the close of day, and that the clouds, gathering with angry aspect, poured down a no-very gentle shower over himself and the corpse, and that still the required assistance came not to his aid, he became indeed sensible of the extreme loneliness and awkwardness of his situation.

Tortured with doubts and fears for his cousin's safety—with anxiety for his family—with sorrow for that of the unhappy youth, whose pale face, alone visible from beneath the black dress, looked but the more ghastly from the verdant though subdued tint of the surrounding herbage, he could have wept.

But, reflecting that to be discovered crying would neither be a favourable testimony of his innocence nor of his manliness, he exerted himself to resist the subduing influence; and mounting the stile by which he had entered the meadow, he waited with breathless interest

for the next conveyance, horseman or foot-passenger, that should appear on the road, determining to hail them and obtain succor.

He was disappointed in the intention. The audible and heavily-rolling sound that soon greeted his ear, proceeded from the London evening stage; on the roof of which, with their backs studiously turned upon the scene of their own bad conduct, he had the mortification distinctly to recognise Edwin, Lord Dungarton, Mr. Springthorne, and the other second, the Honourable Viscount St. Pierre.

"This is ungenerous," said he, while a momentary flush of indignation tinged his cheek. "But if they neglect their duty, I must no longer defer mine."

He descended the style, quite relinquishing all expectation of the post-chaise.

He was thrown completely upon his own resources. There was a necessity for getting the body under the protection of a roof before night closed in.

At the commencement of the rain he had thrown the gown of the deceased over his head, he now removed it, and with the help of the long sleeves, contrived to wind it round his body so as to confine the arms.

He then knelt on the ground, and, with his unwounded hand, the partial service of the other, and after many unsuccessful efforts, at length succeeded in dragging the corpse across his shoulder; and staggering beneath the load he entered a thicket which closed one side of the meadow.

There were several large trees, interspersed at irregular intervals, but though sometimes designated 'the wood,' it was more properly a hazel copse, and the many hollows and broken nature of the ground prevented its being much frequented, save by the children of the neighbourhood.

William was aware of the difficulty of the road he had selected, yet considered that there was no alternative. It would be nearly im-

possible, under his circumstances, to surmount the obstacles of gates and stiles, intersecting the meadow foot-paths; and, even supposing he should gain the high-road, his distance from the place he was solicitous to arrive at, would be lengthened by half-a-mile at the least; he therefore sought the nearest, and, as it seemed to him, the easiest way.

He had scarcely advanced twenty paces under the shelter of the trees, when three of the inhabitants of the town, to avoid the rain, determined upon the same plan which he had adopted, and coming smartly upon him exclaimed, "Holloa! my lad. What! carrying a dead body into the wood. To bury it, no doubt, or leave it there to rot.—O! a gownsman, aye: and a brother gownsman, too!"

"By Jove, these are pretty goings on!" cried the elder. "But come, come, my pretty college young gentleman, you will have the kindness to bear your burthen a little beyond this convenient hiding-place; and we shall have

the inexpressible pleasure of escorting you to the nearest magistrate."

"I shall not hesitate to accompany you," replied William calmly, "but do me the favor to assist me first in conveying this corpse to its former residence, or to some hotel, where they will not object to receive it."

"There need be no hurry for that," replied one of the men, feeling the face and hands. "You say truly, the corpse, for it assuredly has been cold these five or six hours." And taking it from William, who appeared scarcely able to stand, he and one of his companions bore it between them.

The man who had previously addressed William, took his station by his side, and keeping a sharp look-out that he did not attempt running away, indulged himself till they arrived at the magistrate's house, with violently railing against the whole race of College scamps.

"It was but this morning," said he, "that the worthy Mr. Morland promised me and my

neighbours ample justice, should we succeed in discovering the young scoundrels who amused themselves in breaking our windows, and wrenching off the knockers from our doors last night. But perchance, my young blade, in your greater exploit of this evening, afternoon, or morning, you may have forgotten the petty feat after last sun-set, eh?"

"Sir, I know nothing of your windows, nor of your knockers," replied William, a little haughtily.

"Ah, ha! I suspected you had forgotten it. Without doubt, it is quite obliterated from your memory, ah, ha!"

"No, Sir," said William, "I have not forgotten, nor could a circumstance have been obliterated from my memory, of which I have not heard mention till now, and am sorry it should have occurred at all. But we will, Sir, if you please, refrain from a conversation which cannot be agreeable to either of us."

The tormentor had no inclination to be so

lenient. He was delighted to pay off a few of the annoyances he had received from the collegians at various times, and he continued to taunt and insult his prisoner, for William was literally his prisoner, until they were admitted into the hall of the magistrate's dwelling.

William, however, maintained a determined silence, greatly to the chagrin of the townsman, who would have been much gratified had he succeeded in his endeavour of working William into a passion, thereby proving that his words had taken effect.

These two were ushered into the magistrate's presence, whilst the others remained with the corpse in the hall.

The case was soon detailed, and the magistrate, surprised and shocked, hastened to view the body.

He shortly returned, bringing in his hand a letter, which he had taken from the pocket of the deceased. He demanded of William, if

that name and address had belonged to his unfortunate brother collegian.

“It did, Sir,” replied William, respectfully.

The magistrate shook his head, and ordering the body to be carried to the hotel he mentioned, he desired his clerk to take down the deposition of the witnesses.

He dismissed them, and then turned to William, who, faint and sick, had sunk back in a chair, nearly unconscious of what was passing in the room.

Mr. Morland was a clergyman as well as a magistrate. He was an elderly man, and not only for the greater part of his life had he been an able dispenser of justice, but he had also been the faithful friend of the distressed. The rich and the poor alike claimed the exertions of his benevolence, and many an aching heart had been relieved of half its sorrows, by the friendliness of his advice. He never waited till it should be sought for, when it was in his power to offer it!

William's gentle manners excited his interest, and the awfulness of his situation caused him to shudder, for the possible fate of one so young, so sensitive, and apparently so amiable.

He desired his clerk to retire for awhile, and causing refreshments to be brought in, he pressed William to partake of them with so much delicacy, that William, not having tasted any thing since his breakfast in the morning, gratefully received the attention, and soon felt himself sufficiently recovered to attend to the magistrate's inquiries.

"I should be glad to understand the exact truth of this distressing circumstance," said Mr. Morland; "but you must be careful, my young Sir, not to convict yourself. Whatever your confessions may be, I shall be obliged to notice them, to your advantage or discredit.

"Alas, Sir," replied William, "I am not at present at liberty to make a statement of any kind."

"O! I comprehend. Other parties concerned!"

William was silent.

"It is a sad, sad business," rejoined Mr. Morland. "But where are the weapons? You must deliver them up to me. It appears that Mr. Courtney died from the effect of a pistol-shot."

William opened his gown, to show that he had none about him.

Mr. Morland laid his hand upon his breast, to ascertain that that was the case. He continued it there for a minute. "Can this heart beat in innocency?" said he.

William's heart bounded to the question.

The reverend magistrate smiled. He knew well that the agitation of the heart is no criterion of guilt or innocence. He had made the inquiry with a different view. He was in hopes that the reply would be an affirmative of his friendly wish that it might prove so.

"Was it an accident?" he perseveringly demanded.

William was still silent.

Mr. Morland sighed, moved his chair, and perceived, for the first time, that William's hand was wrapped up in his handkerchief.

The kindness of his manner was not altered, but the tone of his voice bore no longer its penetrating sweetness. It was cool, it was almost distant.

This was the trial of the spirit. This was the moment when William drank of the bitter cup, plenished with the exuberance of his cousin's guilt. He was losing the estimation of the virtuous and the just!

He felt so deeply the equivocal situation in which he was placed, that his pale cheeks became suffused with intense color, and the tears started to his eyes, from the very painfulness of the sensation.

Mr. Morland no longer appeared to entertain doubts or expectations. He desisted from further attempts to draw him into conversation, and, ringing the bell, desired his clerk's re-attendance.

"You will be lodged for the night," said he to William, "in the private apartments of the jailor. The jury will, in all probability, be impanelled by three o'clock to-morrow, when, perhaps, I need not inform you, you will require as much strength of nerve as you can command.

"I will give directions that every thing shall be provided for your comfort, consistently with the restrictions under which you must be held, and your wound shall be attended to. I would not willingly depress both mind and body, and your reflections cannot be of the most agreeable nature."

"O, Sir," said William, quite moved by the reverend man's kindness and his reproof, "pray restrain an ill opinion of me until a few days' time shall allow me to explain myself."

"It will involve you in serious consequences," replied the magistrate, "if to-morrow you cannot give a satisfactory account of being

discovered in actual possession of the dead body.

“I much fear this has been one of those acts of deliberate guilt, of which elder men set the example. A duel! *an affair of Honor!* Perchance, my honorable young gentleman, (and a little sarcasm mingled with the good man’s voice), you have likewise exercised your hand in horsewhipping? A most gentlemanly accomplishment, truly!”

CHAPTER IV.

The following morning William looked pale, and the liveliness of his bright blue eye was somewhat dimmed. The wound of his hand, though skilfully dressed, had occasioned him considerable pain, and prevented his sleeping much during the night.

The jailor, accustomed to note these appearances in persons of older age, did not pay much attention to them as evidences of guilt. Anxiety, he used to say, was the destroying angel, over both the good and evil, when in trouble.

He and his wife treated William with the greatest civility, and, notwithstanding his indisposition, he managed to eat a tolerable breakfast.

"Thou dost not eat as if thou wert afraid

for thy neck," said the man, in an inquiring tone.

"I need fear little for myself, as regards guilt," replied William, "nevertheless, this is an unpleasant business."

"Certainly, certainly," rejoined the other. "Your hand also,"—and he eyed his prisoner, with rather a look of curiosity,—"~~that must~~ be troublesome."

This was the second reflection William had been obliged to endure, respecting that unhappy accident; and, as in the former case, it recalled the banished color to his cheeks. Ah! thought he, should not my cousin and his friends hasten to proclaim my innocence, this wounded hand will be a terrible evidence against it. But why should I doubt? Of course, they will forward a letter, clearing me from all suspicion, from the first continental port at which they arrive. This they can easily do, without endangering their own safety.

Further debate was prevented by the on-

trance of the surgeon, and although William wavered not in the least in his determination to shield his cousin as long as it was possible, yet, when informed that the inquest would be held, as the worthy magistrate had anticipated, at three o'clock that afternoon, he could not avoid being rather agitated.

He strove earnestly to suppress it before the gentleman whose kindness had induced him to give, thus early, an intimation, that William might have time to prepare for the event, and on his departure would probably have succeeded entirely in calming his mind, but, the account of the duel between the Hon. Mr. Courtney and Mr. Pierpoint, or, as some asserted, the murder of Mr. Courtney by Mr. Pierpoint, had flown, with the usual rapidity of bad news, through the town, and a crowd, understanding that the prisoner was confined in the front of the building, flocked thither, in hopes of catching a glimpse of him from the windows.

William had no inclination to be seen at all, whilst under the roof of so unpleasant an abode; and much less was he disposed to gratify an unruly and indignant populace, whose coarse repetition of his name, united with that of murderer, college-scamp, and various disagreeable epithets, warned him of the reception he was likely to meet with, if approaching within view.

He therefore requested the jailor's wife (her husband being now engaged in his morning duties), to permit him to retire for awhile to a greater distance from the street.

She kindly advised his sheltering himself within the walls of the prison-chapel.

A place of worship was the most suited to his present circumstances. He obtained her promise that he should not be intruded upon, and, gladly following her footsteps, joyfully heard the harsh, but to him at that moment pleasant, grating of the lock as she turned the key, and then withdrew it from the wards.

We will there leave him, seeking that increase of grace, and strength of mind, so requisite at all times, particularly when under the influence of the troubles of this world, from that Almighty Goodness, who, in permitting the varied and often multiplied trials of life, never forsakes his children in *the hour of need*.

He, who is all-powerful, all-wise, will never abandon the virtuous and the just, who seek him through the intercession of the Saviour—the Redeemer of mankind.

The angry people, finding that they were wasting their time in idle abuse, with some severe invectives against the prisoner, at length dispersed.

Edwin and his party in the meanwhile had reached London, and, alighting from the stage before it turned into the Inn-yard, had thrown themselves into a hackney-coach, bidding the coachman drive to St. Catherine's Dock.

There they met with an interruption which to Edwin was appalling.

Several steamers lay alongside the wharf, and passengers were crowding on board according to their destinations; among the number was Mr. Barton, the old Quaker gentleman.

He was hailed by the steward of the Greenwich packet, as a frequent visitor, and passed close to Edwin, as he and his friends were hesitating with respect to which they should choose.

Our young gentlemen had concluded, during the night's deliberation, that the first pursuit after them would be directed towards the usual means of gaining the Continent.

They therefore intended to keep clear of the Tower Stairs, Brighton, Southampton, Dover, and to proceed to Margate, or Ramsgate. Thence to get on board of any chance vessel that could convey them from England.

This plan could not now be taken advantage of; but Edwin was a shrewd lad. He had learned something of shipping concerns, the names of various mercantile houses, and gained other points of information from his frequent visits to the counting-house, during the different vacations, (of course previously to his having begun to despise it,) and he now volunteered to obtain, in some sailing-vessel, a cabin that should be entirely to themselves.

They consequently entered another coach, and Edwin giving the direction, they drove at a rapid rate until they reached a large private wharf, where Edwin alighted.

In the midst of busy warehousemen, the landed freight from several ships, and finding his way with difficulty, he at length penetrated a dusky counting-house, in a dark corner of the place, that painfully reminded him of Mr. Courtney's reflection, which he had received and repaid so bitterly.

"Is Captain Markham in England?" de-

Edwin, stifling his emotion, and endeavouring to look important.

"Yes, Sir," replied the clerk.

"That is fortunate: can I see him?"

"Yes, Sir," and a portly good-looking man, advancing into the office, took off his hat, making a low bow.

"You have the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation," said Edwin, returning the salutation of the Captain.

He then turned away to his own vessel.

There was now no danger of being overheard, but Edwin had not yet thoroughly mastered his voice; and, at the moment of making the proposal he meditated, he was seized with so violent a fit of hesitation, that he was glad to throw the blame on a disagreeable cough and cold that tingled his throat, and the distressing bark with which he concluded this explanation, excited the serious commiseration of the Captain.

"I think, Sir," he at last was enabled to

say, "that, in a former voyage, you were entrusted with confidential dispatches to an eminent house at Rotterdam."

Captain Markham again bowed, and smiled.

"And to where are you now bound?" asked Edwin, in a familiar tone, assumed upon his acquaintance with the Captain's business, which, though private, had been well known at his father's office; and these dispatches had been of some peculiar importance in the commercial world.

Captain Markham replied, that he was returning immediately to the same place, whence he should proceed, in a new and a larger vessel, to the East Indies.

"When do you leave here?" said Edwin.

"In two hours; the tide will serve about that time, and, should the wind continue in its present quarter," looking upwards, "we shall get under weigh, and clear the river in fine style.

The Anna-Maria is considered the best sailing-

vessel of her class out of the Thames. I wish she were large enough for the India service."

Every word that had been spoken was a relief to Edwin; and he demanded of the Captain, if he could receive him and three young friends as passengers to Rotterdam.

Captain Markham had not anticipated such an application,—steam-boats were so generally preferred. It occurred to his mind, too, that Edwin was very young, that he came alone, that he spoke with a nervous haste, and was on the point of asking some questions, when Edwin, alarmed at these deliberations, hastened to say that his family had a prejudice to steamers, in consequence of the frequency of accidents. He guessed this was one of the Captain's considerations, and he added, that they had preceded him in one of the regular traders, belonging to the firm of Van Sluys and Huysen of Rotterdam, at whose house, on his arrival, he was to learn their address. The

relatives of his friends also were of their party, with the intention of proceeding on an excursion of pleasure up the Rhine.

At the mention of the names of Van Sluys and Huysen, who had been,—though Edwin was not aware of that fact at the moment,—Captain Markham's former employers, to whom he was under some obligations, and being himself a man of integrity, he relaxed in his suspicion that it was not all right with Edwin and his friends—three young companions! He consented to accommodate them, observing, that he would land them at Messrs. Van Sluys and Huysen's door.

“For whose name should he have the pleasure of inquiring?”

“Mr. George Bruton,” Edwin replied, unhesitatingly.

“Your own, I presume, Sir?”

Edwin bowed, and he smiled: George Bruton was the name of an old school-fellow, a lad very expert at getting himself out of

trouble, leaving any body else to bear the blame; and, thought Edwin, under my present circumstances, I cannot choose a better model.

The little preparation that could be made for their comfort was passed over slightly by Edwin, and Captain Markham mentioned a moderate sum for the passage. The surplus of Edwin's fifty pounds was more than sufficient for the purchase of some changes of linen, boat-cloaks, and bedding, which they were obliged to provide for themselves. They proceeded on board one at a time, to avoid notice; and before noon were sailing down the beautiful and majestic Thames, with wind and tide in their favor.

CHAPTER V.

At three o'clock, the same afternoon, a respectable jury of the principal citizens of — met at the hotel whither the body of the Hon. Mr. Courtney had been conveyed.

The magistrate's report was read. The witnesses were examined.

They repeated their previous statements, that they had overtaken William as he was entering the thicket, with the corpse dragged across his shoulder, and which, to the best of their judgments, had been dead some hours.

This was corroborated by the attending surgeon, who also added his testimony, that, by whatever means the young gentleman came by his death, the catastrophe must have been instantaneous.

The towns-people had been particularly in-

censed, that no attempt had been made to gain medical assistance to the unfortunate deceased; this opinion of the surgeon, therefore, removed a considerable degree of the odium which had been attached to William's conduct.

It had been known before the assembling of the jury, and had saved him from a repetition of the morning's rough treatment during his removal from the prison to the hotel.

Upon the return of the coroner and jury from viewing the corpse, the prisoner was summoned to their presence.

He was quite recovered from the nervousness which had attacked him in the early part of the day, and his open brow, steady eye, and erect gait, would of themselves have made a favorable impression of his innocence, but for the condemnatory appearances of evidence against him.

"I am sorry, very sorry, Sir, to see you brought before me under such circumstances," said the coroner, addressing William; "it

appears, Sir, that your late brother collegian, the Hon. Mr. Courtney, has been shot by a pistol-bullet, thereby causing his death ; and that you, William Pierpoint, were discovered yesterday evening, between the hours of seven and eight o'clock, carrying his dead body into a thicket or copse by the road-side, about a mile from the town, your left-hand wrapped in a handkerchief saturated from a wound you had yourself received. What, Sir, have you to say to this charge?" repeating the usual precaution not to say any thing to convict himself.

"I am innocent, Sir, of the death of Mr. Courtney," replied William, respectfully, "but I fear I must be obliged to wait the arrival of my friends before I can answer the accusations against me."

"Young man," returned the coroner, "your best adviser is your conscience. If you can clear your character from this distressing imputation, it is your duty to do so without

delay, otherwise it will be mine to commit you to jail, where you will remain till the assizes."

"Had there been a quarrel between you and the Hon. Mr. Courtney?" demanded a juror.

"None in the least, Sir," said William.

"From whence had you brought the body when you were entering the wood?" inquired the same gentleman.

"From the adjoining meadow, Sir."

"Then probably you know these pistols?"

William was silent.

"And this book, with your name written on the title-page?"

And the book which William had inadvertently dropped, instead of putting into his pocket, whilst agitated by the ungenerous conduct of his cousin, was produced.

The case had excited so great a sensation in the town, that evidence was pouring in upon the most trifling matters; many of them to-

tally irrelevant to the affair, though concerning William's individual movements, for days previously to the sad event.

Independently of the three tradesmen who had already given their testimonies, the gunsmith of whom the pistols had been purchased, was the most material witness.

He unhesitatingly pronounced William to be the young gentleman to whom he had sold them. He remembered his light hair, his blue eyes, and florid complexion, which were not to be mistaken.

The pistols were handed to him. He selected his own pair, rather the pair which he had sold; and he proved, by an invoice, that he dealt with the maker whose name was upon them.

"What was the price of them?"

"Fifty pounds."

"Were they paid for?"

"Yes."

"In gold, or notes?"

The gunsmith here took from his pocket-book the note which Edwin had on that morning received from his father; he handed it to the coroner. The evidence was conclusive—it was convicting—it was overwhelming! On the back of the paper was written, in a clear, legible counting-house hand, ‘Pierpoint, Pierpoint, and Co.’

The verdict of wilful murder was returned.

William was then removed to closer confinement within the jail. He requested the indulgence of writing-materials, and penned, that evening, by the gloomy light slanting its restricted rays through the narrow and closely-barred aperture near the roof of his cell, the first letter that had ever occasioned the least inquietude to his beloved parents.

It was forwarded for that night’s mail; and William, bestowing on the messenger his last, his only remaining shilling; having, with the omission of that one, emptied his pockets to his ungrateful cousin, was constrained to con-

tent himself with prison fare. But purity of heart and mind would have sweetened coarser diet. And his hand being dressed, he commended himself to the protection of his Heavenly Father, and slept soundly till he was awakened by the entrance of the jailor the following morning.

"Your look betokens that you have rested well," said the man, attentively regarding him.

"I have, indeed," returned William, "my wakefulness the previous night makes me now a late riser, if I may judge by that small portion of sun-light playing against the opposite wall."

"Small portion, verily," replied the keeper, "and it will be two months before you enjoy a much greater quantity of that blessed light in this place."

"Will it be that time to the assizes?"

"Quite so, and I cannot help thinking, young gentleman, that you might have made

a better defence than you did yesterday. I am an old man: I have been long in this situation, and have seen more of the troubles of others than I would wish to repeat; but never did I know good proceed from mystery. It always leads expectation to believe that there is more in the background than willingly would be brought forward. It injures the case."

William was prevented the necessity of a reply, by the entrance of the jailor's wife with coffee, rolls, and eggs, on a small waiter, covered with a clean white cloth.

"Ha! here she comes," cried the husband; "scarcely a wink of sleep has she had the by-gone night, thinking of you. She insists—and indeed I think so myself, that you bear a strong resemblance, in face and person, to our dear William, whom we lost at sea four years ago. Poor Bill! He was the kindest-hearted creature possible, and would not have hurt a sparrow."

He drew his coat-sleeve across his eyes, whilst his good dame, her cheeks bathed in tears of maternal sorrow, declared her thorough belief that the young gentleman must be innocent, he looked so sweet and amiable.

William deeply sympathised with these kind-hearted people. But how much better off will they be than either my parents or Edwin's, should he or I pay the forfeit of our lives in a dishonorable manner for this unhappy affair? My cousin will, however, certainly write to-morrow, or the next day. If not, I must submit with patience to the responsibility I voluntarily took upon myself.

CHAPTER VI.

"There is no possession more valuable than a good and faithful friend."—*Socrates*.

TOWARDS evening, the two Mr. Pierpoints and their ladies arrived from London, accompanied by a professional gentleman. They drove immediately to the jail without alighting in the town.

William, after the first tender salutations of his family, and an almost paternal embrace from the excellent Mr. Sergeant, an old and valued friend, apologised for his reception. "My apartment," said he, with a forced tone of gaiety, "is meagrely furnished; here is one stool between you, my dear aunt and mother. The gentlemen, I fear, must satisfy themselves with resting on the edge of the bedstead. I, the humble servant, will respectfully stand."

"My dear William, how can you jest in a place like this?" said his mother; "we are all anxiety to learn what the real matter is. Your letter merely stated that you were in trouble, and where we should find you. This cell, and your hand in a sling, alarms me."

"And, where is Edwin?" demanded the elder Mrs. Pierpoint; "surely he does not allow you to be a minute alone; his studies cannot possibly occupy his mind whilst you are in this situation."

"I sincerely hope, my dear aunt," replied William, "that my cousin is where, for our mutual happiness, it is desirable that he should be. May I," and he addressed himself to the whole party, "be permitted a consultation with Mr. Serjeant, who will advise me how far I may speak with candor even to my dear, dear parents—my kind aunt and uncle," and he again affectionately embraced them.

"William, William," cried his father, "what can you have been doing? incarcerated,

in a public jail, your hand wounded, and yourself afraid to communicate the truth to your family. Whatever your fault may have been, you cannot imagine that we will be less lenient than those who have had the power to place you here."

"My dear father," said William entreatingly, "will you allow me to commission Mr. Serjeant, who, I am sure, will kindly undertake to explain to you the news, which, I confess, is more painful than I at first wished you to suppose.

"We shall, doubtlessly, bring you through," said that gentleman. "No very serious affair, I dare say, in which William Pierpoint voluntarily engaged. An erroneous charge—came up at the instant—wounded in an attempt to separate the combatants—mistaken identity—eh! my young friend," and he encouragingly patted William on the shoulder.

"Leave the case to me, my dear Sirs," and he turned to the Mr. Pierpoints. "Whilst

you conduct the ladies to an hotel, Mr. William and I will consult—advise—then I will wait on you—turn barrister, and plead for him.”

There was no demurring to the kindness of this proposal. Mrs. William Pierpoint having satisfied herself that her son's wound was in a healthy state, and not requiring further assistance than had been afforded to it, taking the arm of her sister-in-law, led the way to their carriage, which was waiting for them without the prison-gates.

In an hour's time they were rejoined by Mr. Serjeant. He looked serious ; but, as dinner was waiting his arrival, he requested that it might not be delayed ; the information he had received from William could be as well repeated afterwards. Then, in a more animated tone, and in the hearing of the servants, he assured Mr. and Mrs. William Pierpoint that their son was innocent. He hoped that in a day or two it would be so proved.

The meal passed over in nearly total silence, and the dishes were removed almost untouched. The long withholding of that explanation so much desired by the whole party, excited unfavorable forebodings, which were, alas, but too painfully realized to the elder Mr. Pierpoint and his amiable wife; when, with a delicacy of word and manner, it would be impossible to describe; Mr. Serjeant rather led them to understand, than expressed in positive terms, Edwin's guilt, subsequent flight, and the consequences entailed on his cousin.

Vainly did William's father and mother, and the Solicitor endeavour to convince these afflicted relatives and friends of the probability almost amounting to certainty, from the time that had elapsed since the departure of the young men, of their gaining a place of security, before the fact of their being concerned in the murder should become known.

They were shocked at Edwin's culpability.

Their anxiety rejected the likelihood of his escape—the gibbet in all its horrors danced before their eyes—the death-knell rung in their ears, and ‘my child—my lost child,’ burst from them in an agony of grief.

Mrs. Pierpoint fell into successive fainting-fits, and was at length carried to bed extremely ill, whilst her no-less distressed partner, eluding the vigilance of his friends, privately left the hotel, once again to seek that worthy nephew, so painfully endeared to his heart, by his generosity towards his less noble, though still beloved son.

The agitation of Mr. Pierpoint’s mind prevented his considering the lateness of the hour, and when he arrived at the jail it was finally closed for the night.

This was a sad disappointment to an amiable man, desirous to express his gratitude towards a benefactor—one, too, so young.

He turned away with a sigh, and a wish, that it had been his own child thus immured

for an act of generosity. Then, how proudly would the fond father have hailed his release—ment from the false suppositions against his innocency!—How sweetly would he have smiled!—How joyfully would he have received the congratulations of his friends! But, here, the tenderness of affection—the justifiable pride of the parent were wounded, and the Christian felt abased before his Maker, in the delinquency of his son.

The unhappy gentleman wandered from the town, and by one of those chances, which, to ignorant minds, assume the character of a fatality, entered upon the foot-path leading to the ill-omened meadow.

It was a clear, star-light night, and he passed many groups of idlers with the rapid step of a deeply-occupied mind. He crossed the stiles, and the old oak-tree being a prominent object before him, he rested, and leaned against its broad bulk for support.

Who, that, at that moment had seen this

sorrowful parent, with his manly, handsome features, pale as the silver planet which calmly reflected its beautiful light on his open brow,—his eyes raised with speechless agony to the sole remaining branch of the withered trunk, but would have asked their own hearts—is this AN AFFAIR OF HONOR?

Put the question to yourselves, my young friends. Early accustom yourselves to reflect, that, no affair can be honorable, that entails disgrace as its consequence.

The Romans dedicated a temple to Honor, into which no man could enter, but through the temple of Virtue!

But we must return to Mr. Pierpoint. He was suddenly roused from his grievous reflections by the voices of four men, who had entered the meadow without perceiving him. They had approached by a different route, and were inspecting the dark stains upon the grass.

“I hope the young dog will swing for it!”

exclaimed one : and this was the townsman, who acted as principal in conducting William to the magistrate. The others were, the gunsmith, whose evidence had been so much against him—a waiter from the inn at which the family were staying, and an under-turn-key of the jail.”

“The hypocritical young rascal,” continued the first spokesman ; “to look so demure before the coroner !”

“Yes, and he was silent when asked if he knew the pistols. He could find tongue to deny the death of Mr. Courtney being by his hand, but he had nothing to say to the fire-arms. No, no, we have him there. My business is not like that of a linen-draper, or of a grocer, who sells different articles in small portions from morning till night, and to as various a multitude of individuals. It is true, I see more faces in my shop than any gunsmith in the county, but I do not sell so many pairs of such pistols as those, but that I could identify every

purchaser of the last five years. Besides, there is the note, what could he say to the evidence of the fifty-pound bank-note? he was obliged to look demure then."

"There was his cunning," replied the townsman; "Master Modesty would wait the arrival of his friends. A fellow was brought up for poaching the other day. 'Sir,' said he, 'I'll wait the arrival of my friends!'

Mr. Morland demanded if he meant the hares and pheasants he had killed. Man, or boy, who can defend himself, does not wait for the advice of his friends. No, no, Master Hypocrite!"

"Our head-jailor and his wife," said the under-turnkey, "have taken a prodigious fancy to him. They say he so much resembles their poor Bill, who was lost in the Greenland Fishery, three or four years ago. I can't see it myself, but the old woman makes a terrible fuss about it. She took him such a nice

breakfast this morning, coffee, and eggs, and rolls."

"She did, did she?" cried the townsman.

"Pretty goings-on, these," said the gunsmith.

"I'll enquire into it," rejoined the former.

"I know the Reverend Mr. Morland very well, and I'll give him a plain-speaking hint; that, without a little precaution, the cage may be left open, and the bird fly away, one of these nights."

"May I be so bold, Sir," said the under-man of office, slowly rubbing his hands one over the other, and cringing closer to the townsman and the gunsmith, while a pair of little bright ferret-eyes twinkled in the moonlight, "If I might be so bold, Sirs, as to propose—a trust—a peculiar trust, Sirs—a trust extraordinary—"

"Nonsense, nonsense, man—a necessary commission—private authority to look after a particular prisoner."

“And the person commissioned, Sir—”

“You, my good fellow. And if it should be found desirable to suspend the old woman and her husband, send to me my man for a vote. You’d make a capital head-jailor.”

The waiter interrupted the fellow’s expression of thanks, by saying, that the family of the young gentleman were come down from London. “And I think,” said he, “if you had heard the sounds of distress that reached the ears of us servants, after that we had cleared away the dinner and had left the dining-room, you would feel a little more merciful than you do now.”

“Merciful,” replied the townsman, surlily, “what have I to do with mercy? I overtook a young collegian with a dead body dragged across his shoulders, which he was conveying into a thicket, between seven and eight o’clock at night. Of course, I made him go before a magistrate. The magistrate had no more mercy than I had, for he sent him to

prison. The jailor yielded him up to the coroner—the coroner returned him to jail, where he will remain until the judge tries him; and then—”

The gun-smith finished the sentence, “and then,” said he coolly, “he will be hanged!”

“Ay, to be sure, now these young gentlemen have begun shooting each other, by-and-bye they will be shooting us.”

“Are you afraid?” said the waiter, contemptuously. He despised the vindictiveness of the two witnesses, and the meanness of the traitorous turnkey.

“No, I am not in fear,” replied the other, dauntingly; “nor will I be in danger. Some of the scoundrels, yesterday, when I was returning home from attending the inquest, laid two lighted squibs upon my hat as they passed me, then turned round and laughed in my face, as they went off successively. But they will not succeed in frightening me. I gave notice to the watchman, and the night-patrole, that,

if my house was set fire to, or any mischief done to me, that night, or any other night, I would make them answer for it. At present, I have done my duty only ; but I dare say, if I were to try, I could rake up more evidence than even has already come forward. The young gentlemen had better not make a party business of it."

Here the report of a pistol, from the wood, startled every man from his footing.

Five or six flashes and reports were seen and heard, rapidly, one after the other. Then a clashing of swords for a few instants,—and again all was deep silence.

Mr. Pierpoint had moved a few paces, at the first sound, towards whence it proceeded, but the repetition caused him to hesitate, and he finally returned towards the men, near the old oak-tree ; by whom, previously to this moment, he had not been perceived.

"Hold! Stand!" cried the gun-smith and the townsman, believing him to be advancing

from the wood, and, in their alarm, they expected to see the whole body of the collegians at his back. And the turnkey, rallying by the side of the latter-mentioned personage, exclaimed in a stentorian voice, as if he were repulsing an attack from without the prison-gates, "Who are you? What do you want?"

"Assistance," calmly replied Mr. Pierpoint.

"Sir!" said the waiter, surprised at the voice, by which he recognised one of the members of the family of which they had been speaking.

"Ay, you, my good man," said Mr. Pierpoint, "you who have demonstrated feeling to-night, which shall not be unrewarded; will you enter yonder copse with me? I am unacquainted with the nature of the ground, and do not exactly understand the singularity of this incident."

A low plaintive wail was now heard, followed by a heavy groan.

"It is astonishing!" said Mr. Pierpoint,

“could men have had the temerity to fight in the dark?”

“O, they are no men, Sir,” whispered the turnkey, and he convulsively grasped the arm of the townsman. “O, Sir, it is the ghost of Mr. Courtney.”

Again the clashing and the firing were repeated, intermingled with shrieks, shouts, and groans.

The men fled. Unable longer to resist their terror, they nearly threw each other over stiles and hedges. The foot-path was not sufficiently wide for the hurrying violence of their speed. At length they reached the high-road, and the waiter, turning round, began to look for ‘the gentleman.’

He begged and entreated of his companions to wait till Mr. Pierpoint should get up with them, but they heeded not his prayer.

He felt ashamed to proceed, and angry with himself for his incivility to his master’s guest, he remained by the little turn-stile gate that

divided the path from the road, until Mr. Pierpoint gained the spot.

When they arrived at the hotel, they found not only confusion there, but learned that the whole town was in commotion.

Some were for proceeding instantly with torches. Others hesitated ; and not a few decidedly expressed themselves that daylight would be the more agreeable time for so awful an enquiry.

Indeed, there were those who asserted, that, 'it would be presumption to investigate the matter at all. The meadow foot-paths should be closed until after the funeral—the trial—and—' there is no nice discrimination of delicacy with the commonality—'the spirit of the murdered was appeased, by the punishment of the murderer.'

The news, however, reached Mr. Morland, and he waited on Mr. Pierpoint to ascertain the correctness of the statement.

The result was, that he despatched a posse

of well-armed constables, who searched the whole neighbourhood of the wood, but without discovering the slightest corroboration of what, but, for the respectable evidence of Mr. Pierpoint, in the end, would have terminated in the belief, that the alarm arose from the excited imagination of the four men.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the departure of Mr. Morland from the hotel, the kind-hearted waiter was sent for to the drawing-room.

With much amiability of manner, Mr. Pierpoint presented to him a five-pound note, in acknowledgment of the sympathy he had manifested in behalf of his young relative. He then requested some information regarding the two men who appeared so exasperated against his nephew, and who had been two of the waiter's companions in the meadow that evening.

"Come, my good man, tell us all you know about them," said the friendly solicitor, "are you well acquainted with them?"

"I know them both slightly, Sir; and met them by chance."

"What took you in that direction?"

The waiter colored and hesitated; "All the town have been there, Sir."

"O."

"It is invariably the case," said Mr. William Pierpoint; "the people are never satisfied with hearing the particulars of a misfortune, they crowd to the place where it occurred."

"But no particulars are known, Sir," said the waiter, submissively.

"You will have it all in time, my good friend;" said Mr. Serjeant, "give us now some account of these two desperately-vindictive men. They are neither of them married, are they?"

"No, Sir, they are not."

"I thought as much. Brother-bachelors, and old cronies, I suppose?"

"I believe, Sir, they were not even acquainted with each other, till this unhappy circumstance brought them together in evidence."

"They have soon found out their similitude,

then," said Mr. Serjeant; "it will unite them while they have the same end in view. Are you aware if they have ever met with misfortunes of any kind?"

"Not since I have known them, Sir: Mr. Rood, the gun-smith, it is said, has realized sufficient fortune to retire upon; Mr. Martin is in a good way of business as a hatter."

"We shall find it difficult to ascertain the cause of such violent ill-will," observed Mrs. William Pierpoint, joining the party, her sister-in-law having sunk into a quiet slumber.

"Against your son personally," replied the solicitor, "there is no doubt, my dear madam, trouble would be experienced; but, I suspect a more general offence subsists in the minds of these inveterate foes. Probably Mr. Martin furnishes many of the collegiate caps. I know, to a certainty, that the first-rate gown-makers in London, are often in despair at pleasing the whimsicalities of these young gentlemen."

"There has been some unpleasantness, Sir,"

said the waiter, "between Mr. Martin and several of the collegians. An order was given for caps, which were afterwards not approved of, and Mr. Martin referred to the professors, which they said was taking a great liberty, and treating like school-boys, those who were old enough to judge for themselves, and also to resent such impertinence."

"And doubtlessly they made good their words," said Mr. Serjeant, quite satisfied that his own penetration had divined the reason; "and how many broken windows have there been?"

"A considerable number, Sir: the knockers also, from every door down the street, were taken off the very night before this unfortunate accident, and piled in a heap against Mr. Martin's, with an intimation chalked over them, that he intended selling them to pay for his broken windows."

"Has he applied to no magistrate?" en-

quired the solicitor, scarcely able to repress a smile.

“Yes, Sir; but there he has again done himself mischief. He mentioned openly in the office, that unless there was a stop quickly put to the annoyance, every cap that had been returned would, in the end, additionally cost him a pound-note. Mr. Morland told him, that he had done wrong in saying it, and he sent his compliments to a collegian, who was known to possess an air-gun, with which, it was said, the volley of small stones showering upon the houses, the night previously, might have been projected, and requested his attendance. It could not be proved that he had used it for that purpose, or that he had been from his room at that hour; but the magistrate detained the gun, and said, that he hoped the warning would be attended too.”

“Are you aware if my son has been at all concerned in these foolish and unjust proceedings?” demanded Mr. William Pierpoint.

"I think not, Sir; I have heard it noticed, that he was particularly quiet and studious."

"It is much to be regretted," rejoined the elder gentleman, "that the young men did not treat this Mr. Martin with silent contempt. To have withdrawn their custom from him, would have sufficiently expressed their disapprobation: personal vengeance is, at most times, injurious to both parties. Here, by irritating a violent man, it goes far to destroy the innocent. But, do you not imagine, my good man, that the confusion in the wood this evening possibly originated with the same individuals?"

"O no, Sir," replied the waiter, turning very pale. "O no! I should be sorry to wound your feelings, Sir, or those of that lady, or those other gentlemen, Sir, but—"

"But what? my good fellow," said Mr. Serjeant, "come, sit down by me, and let us hear what are your real suspicions."

"No, Sir, I thank you," he answered

respectfully, and drawing up his head, he apparently endeavoured to rally his spirits, "I am no chicken-heart, Sir," said he, "I can fight, man to man, and would serve any fellow-creature a good turn by word or deed, but I should not like to venture near the wood, or the meadows, again, after night-fall. Excuse me, Sirs, but I am afraid they were no living persons who made those noises which you, yourself, Sir," addressing Mr. Pierpoint, "heard as well as we did."

"I certainly did hear as singular a combination of frightful sounds as I could have believed barely possible to emanate from human beings," rejoined Mr. Pierpoint; "but there are no ghosts, my good man. We will not, however, detain you longer. We thank you for your good feeling, and, if you should be aware of any information that you think would be serviceable to us, we shall be obliged by your immediately speaking of it."

That night Mr. Martin and Mr. Rood

supped together. They had not, as the waiter asserted, been previously acquainted; now, according to the prediction of Mr. Serjeant, they were intimate.

They talked over the alarming incidents of the evening, and the unsuccessful issue of the search in which they had declined participating.

They ate their oysters, drank two bottles of porter, and wound up the repast with a glass of strong brandy and water.

The hatter's boy was then directed to see Mr. Rood to his residence, by way of protecting him against any assault that might chance to occur to him; though, had the matter been investigated, it would have appeared, that they were not bodily assailants who were dreaded by these gentlemen.

They arrived in safety. The boy returned home. The house was closed; and Mr. Martin retiring to bed, quickly fell into a sound sleep.

The gunsmith, also, having ascertained that every fire and candle were duly extinguished in his domicile, soon paid the tribute of past exertion by the deepness of his repose.

He could not calculate how long he had slept when he was suddenly awakened by a flash of light across his eyes.

He opened them widely—stared around him—lifted his hand, but could not see it; the room was perfectly dark.

He turned in his bed, satisfied that he must have been dreaming, and again dropped asleep.

He was a second time roused by the same means, and a similar result ensued.

This distressed him considerably. He did not dare rise and obtain a light for himself, therefore was obliged to lie trembling till the morning; when, however, he could gain no satisfactory information relating to this strange circumstance.

The maid-servant declared, that she found

all things below as she had left them. The house-door and windows were properly secured.

Mr. Rood swallowed his solitary meal, and hastened off to his new friend, the hatter. There his previous tremor was increased to dismay, by the appalling account of the clashing of swords, shrieks, and groans, that had terrified Mr. Martin during the night.

"I was scarcely asleep," said he, "ere I was awake by the clashing. After a little while there was a heavy fall, like the falling of several persons, one following the other, then, four distinct groans."

"I was in an agony; my cap—O, that I had never sold a cap of any kind! 'was wet through with the perspiration of my head. I had some thoughts of endeavouring to speak, when there was a loud shrieking up and down the house; throwing open of windows, and banging of doors, that drove

me nearly out of my senses; and I sprang madly from the bed calling for assistance."

"And who came to you?" demanded the shuddering and attentive listener.

"My servants. But they dare to tell me, that, though they heard my screams, they were not aware there had been any other noises in the house. However, there is one evidence in my favor. I was the first to go down-stairs this morning, and every window and door were open. Wide open! I found them so myself; and the girl and the boy cannot deny it."

"Where was the watchman?" inquired the gunsmith.

"Drunk! drunk! my dear friend; and fast asleep in his box. But I'll have him superseded. The rascal shall be punished."

He was punished. He was sentenced to pay five shillings: But, as no injury had occurred, and this was his first fault, he was

permitted to resume his situation, on the promise of better behavior for the future, and an apology to Mr. Martin.

The latter was obliged to be satisfied with this atonement ; and, not gaining much credit by the statement of his night's visitation, he and his friend the gunsmith mutually agreed to communicate their affairs only to *each other*. They then separated, each to his occupation.

With respect to Edwin, it was now necessary to consult, that some plan might be adopted, with the view to ascertain whither he and his companions had fled ; that money might be forwarded to them, and the necessary document obtained for proving William's innocence.

"That must be declared at once !" said Mr. Pierpoint, when at breakfast, the morning subsequent to their arrival in the town.

"My son would be exceedingly hurt," replied his brother, "after having been taken

before a magistrate—sent to prison—a coroner's verdict returned against him of 'wilful murder,' and already an incarceration of three nights, were you to foil the only end for which he has endured so much disgrace, by precipitately acknowledging what must be satisfactorily proved, previously to his being liberated."

"William has not gone beyond the example I would have given to him, had I been similarly situated, my dear brother. And would you not, yourself, have taken the same part? I am convinced you would! Let not, then, our children disgrace the love we bear to each other.—A few days' submission to his voluntary undertaking will add no further injury to William's character, and, I trust, not to his health; and it will enable Edwin to secure himself and his friends: when, of course, he will be anxious to inform us of his safety."

Mrs. William Pierpoint strongly urged the

prudence of this arrangement; and Edwin's mother, who was confined to her room by illness, her opinion being requested, gratefully acquiesced in the kindness and wisdom of her brother-in-law's proposal.

Mr. Pierpoint, the candor and generosity of whose heart were deeply wounded, was at length constrained to yield to his friends' entreaties; and, leaving his wife with Mr. and Mrs. William Pierpoint at the hotel, he posted up to town with the friendly solicitor.

They had finally agreed, that it was very probable the first news might be to the counting-house; that the father and uncle might have the opportunity to inquire if William had been inculpated in the duel, and what steps would be advisable for Edwin and his companions to pursue.

But no news came. No inquiries were directed to be made. No advice was sought for.

Letters crossed each other upon the road

from the hotel to London; from London to the hotel: and a week—a fortnight—three weeks—and a month were passed in torturing suspense, without information from the travellers to either place.

During this lapse of time, the sudden absenting from college of Lord Dungarton, Viscount St. Pierre, and Mr. Springthorne, had occasioned much surprise, and been variously commented upon.

Mr. Edwin Pierpoint, it was rumored, by busy tongues, who enforced their conjecture as decided fact, was kept out of the way by his family, that he should not be obliged to appear in evidence against his cousin. The young gentlemen had occupied the same apartments; therefore, it was supposed they had known each other's movements.

The friends of the two young noblemen, and of the young squire, having early been communicated with, by Mr. Pierpoint's solicitor, had returned vague and indecisive

answers to the information forwarded to them by the Heads of the Colleges at which the young gentlemen were students. Now, however, they became equally uneasy with the Messrs. Pierpoint, their ladies, and the friendly Mr. Serjeant; and united their endeavours to trace the route of their young relatives.

Immediately they took up the inquiry, it was asserted, that the four young men had acted as seconds to Mr. William Pierpoint and the Honorable Mr. Courtney: and thus the matter rested in that part of the world, the following month.

Not so in London, and in the various parts of England. Friends and employed agents were actively engaged. Every ambassador's office, whence passports issued, and every foreign consul, were visited.

Captains and stewards of packets were inquired of; and coachmen and guards on the London roads; William having stated

that he had seen them the evening of the catastrophe, on the stage to that metropolis. Unfortunately the driver of that particular coach had met with an accident shortly afterwards. He had been thrown violently from his seat, and received a concussion of the brain. He now lay dangerously ill, and unconscious of the value attached to his evidence, which, to the disappointment of all parties, he was unable to give, the Courtney family included, who were desirous to obtain the fullest conviction of the prisoner's guilt, of which they did not entertain a doubt.

The books of the London coach-offices, also, were examined, and an investigation instituted among the ship-owners, but not the slightest clue could be gained from any source.

The description being always of four young gentlemen together, the clerk at the wharf, whence they had actually sailed, did not recognize the important, and only gentleman, who, entering the counting-house, had in-

quired that morning for Captain Markham; and it became a firm persuasion with the interested parties, that Edwin and his friends had not quitted England at all.

Affairs were now approaching to a crisis: William's life was in a perilous situation: the strongest evidence was against him: not one witness of material consequence in his favor.

"Do not so greatly distress yourselves, my dear friends, on that account," said William, when Mr. Serjeant and Mr. Barton, who had been assiduous for his young favorite's interest, entering his cell, where his family were already assembled, on the day previous to the trial, had destroyed the last feasible expectation of Edwin and his companions being discovered, in time for their testimonies to be of service. "It is unfortunate for me, but since a sparrow falls not to the ground without the permission of the Father of Mercy, may I not dare hope that His goodness will point out a

path, by which I may escape the penalty of the law; I was not even an accessory in the offence."

William would have said crime, but for the presence of his aunt and uncle.

Seeing his paternal parent brush away the tears that forced their way in unison with the many drops of bitterness, shed by his afflicted brother and sister-in-law, he turned to him and addressed him, though scarcely himself able to suppress the sympathy that started to his own eyes.

"You, my dear—my beloved father," said he, "yourself taught me, that reason and reflection alleviate the troubles of life. When I was first imprisoned, I reproached myself that I had not sufficiently estimated this advice. I had endeavored to profit by it when circumstances required self-command, but it has been only during these two months that I have become fully sensible of its value—of its blessing!"

“And what result have you experienced, my child?” demanded his agitated but gratified parent.

“Confidence in the goodness of God, which relieves me from all apprehension for myself; I know that I have good friends, good advisers, good counsel, and a good cause, though overshadowed for the moment; and, I do not allow myself to think of the reverse side of the question.”

“There you are in error, William; to have confidence in the mercies of a just God, and, in the exertions of your friends is proper; but the ways of the Almighty are inscrutable.”

“Many pious and virtuous men have been called upon to yield up their lives in equal innocence. And many, many an individual condemned by a jury of his fellow-men, upon infinitely less apparently substantial evidence than, to-morrow, will be brought against you. Your dear mother, with more dependence than

your young heart even could conceive, has severely prepared herself for the worst."

"And yet I am not depressed, my William," said the junior Mrs. Pierpoint; and, drawing her son towards her, and, parting the light curls from his forehead, she imprinted on it a maternal benediction.

"I have been strenuously," said that sweet lady, "urging your dear aunt and uncle to subdue the extreme agitation of their spirits; they cannot do otherwise than feel,—we all feel, my child—" and, for a few seconds, the duty of the parent and the friend was nearly overcome by the tenderness of the mother.

The cell had been supplied with such accommodation as could be allowed, and the party were seated.

Mr. Barton rested his elbow upon the table, his hand supported his cheek, and tears coursed rapidly down his venerable countenance, whilst his eyes were fixed in admiration upon the

mild features of that heroic parent, strengthening her son's mind for the possibility of defeat (in a worldly sense,) though fully conscious of his deserving victory.

The friendly solicitor dashed away the obtrusive evidence of the amiability of his heart, but one witness succeeded another, even more quickly and pertinently to the proof, than the accusing voices at the Coroner's Inquest against his young friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierpoint wept unrestrainedly. Their anxiety was for their nephew,—their shame for their son; “A wounded heart who can bear?”

Mr. William Pierpoint strove manfully to restrain his own feelings, and, with the united efforts of his wife and his friends, was at length successful in restoring these distressed parents from their temporary abandonment to grief.

Mrs. Pierpoint continued, “To support each other in our affliction,” said she, “is a duty mutually incumbent on us, but which we cannot

perform, unless we preserve a calmness of mind, consistent with dependence on the goodness of an All-beneficent God. The integrity of your own heart, my child, buoys you up to that certainty of expectation, which, if disappointed, would overwhelm you by the reverse you had declined taking into your calculation. There is, however, one only means by which we can attain both that composure and humility of spirit, most pleasing to our Heavenly Father,—we must seek it through the intercession of His Son, our Blessed Redeemer.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE opening of an assize is not dissimilar to the commencement of a military campaign. The standard is raised, or the day is fixed. The warriors range round their general. The lawyers assemble before the bench of the judge. The young and the lovely, the old and the wise, lend the support of their presence. They incite forward the brave, encouraging the novice to intrepidity and valor. Formerly it would have been said, to distinguish himself by 'feats of arms.'

Those were times, certainly, of chivalric but barbarous warfare. The delicacy of female sentiment no longer delights in the renown of men, whose highest title to consideration was founded on the numerous antagonists they had excited by their haughti-

ness, to combat—unhorsed—thrown down—murdered !

Daring feats of arms no longer form the subject of the minstrel's lay. No harper tunes now his instrument in lady's bower and hall. The path to glory—the path to favor—to advancement—to honor—is discipline. That plain, straight-forward maxim, 'learn to obey, that you may know how to command.'

No class of young men are better acquainted with the extreme difficulty of attaining that knowledge than those of the army and navy, unless it has been a part of their education in early life.

The practice is equally necessary to every degree of society. Young people think themselves aggrieved when constrained to obey against their inclinations, and that when men and women, they will be independent.

They are mistaken : there is no such thing as INDEPENDENCY in the world.

We are dependent on the goodness—the protection—the providence—of God. We look to each other for our personal comforts ; and we are obliged to obey the laws, that others, in like manner, may be forced to conform to them.

The commander-in-chief issues his orders to fifty or a hundred-thousand men, which they are compelled to obey, from fear of punishment. He, himself, being amenable, not only to the institutions of his country, but to the regulations of that service in particular : and, had he not previously learned to obey, he never would have been entrusted with the power to command.

The fiat of the civil judge goes forth. There may, at times, be an appeal, but the verdict is the authority of the court, for the enforcement of any certain law.

What the verdict would, or might be, in the present case, was not so much taken into consideration, as that it was the opening of

the County Assize. The shock created by the first giving to the public the report of the catastrophe, had passed away from the minds of many. There were other cases to be tried—other names on the calendar—and the young and the lovely, the old and the wise, flocked to the town to meet their friends, who were assembled at this general time of rendezvous;—to enjoy the change of the bustling crowd, from the rural quietness of country life;—to hear the cases detailed, and pass sentence on the merits of the pleaders—their gentlemanly deportment—the tones of their voices—inflection—modulation—pathos;—the tact and talent displayed in their management of prosecution or defence. And here, it may be observed, if youths intended for the law have not learned to obey, they will never rise in their profession—they will never have studied sufficiently to command—attention! Study is not a natural inclination of the human disposition, it must be guided; and

submitting to guidance is obedience. Thus they must 'learn to obey, that they may know how to command.'

The charm, moreover, of an assize town is the assize ball. In this instance it was rendered peculiarly attractive, from several distinguished families, visiting in the neighbourhood, having accepted the invitation of the managing and honorary stewards; and from the expected introduction to society—in common phraseology, the coming-out of a wealthy young heiress. It was even said, that the list of barristers upon this circuit was singularly numerous to what it had been any session, since the very last time a similarly-pleasing occurrence had taken place. And the whole town was bustle, activity, and, it must be allowed, gaiety. It ever has been, and ever will be, the same, whilst an assize ball closes, or takes place, during an assize session. We do not wish to argue upon the amiability of selecting that precise time for merriment;

we would rather pass it over in silence, and grant, that the sympathies of the world are not to be too largely called upon.

William heard not the expressions of delight, the laugh, and pleasing recognition of friends, as they crowded the busy streets.

Deeply immured within the prison-walls, he rose early that morning, dressed himself with care, humbled himself at the Throne of Mercy, and, when Mr. Barton and the friendly solicitor entered his cell, he received them with a sweet and placid smile, that betokened the calmness of humble dependence on the wisdom of God, uninfluenced by the slightest particle of that pride which, sometimes, will arise from the pure and exalted consciousness of inward rectitude.

“Where is my dear mother,” said William enquiringly, “will she not visit me this morning?”

“She has decided against doing so;” replied Mr. Barton, “she commissioned me with her

blessing ;” and he affectionately laid his hand upon his young friend’s forehead, “ and bade me desire you in no-wise to be cast down by the violence of your opponents, who have exerted themselves to obtain the utmost stretch of evidence against you. Your friends will be near, and the all-scrutinizing eye of Infinite Wisdom will not slumber whilst you still further endeavor to deserve his protection.”

The Court-house was thronged : standing-room below was not attainable beyond the places secured upon the first opening of the doors ; and the magistrates’ gallery was filled almost to suffocation by ladies.

William was placed at the bar ; the usual formalities were proceeded with in the customary manner ; and the prisoner put in his plea, ‘ not guilty.’

There were many, who, from his appearance, would, at first sight, have agreed to the truth of that negative, but the cause for the prose-

cution was in the hands of Mr. Byfield, a man too deeply skilled in argumentative, and also in declamatory, discourse, for the interest of the opposing client long to remain unshaken.

And William suffered greatly in the estimation of those most willing to credit the amiable and honest expression of his countenance, whilst the learned gentleman detailed the (apparent) fact of his purchasing the pistols between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning, of his being noticed to walk in the direction of the meadows about noon, of his being discovered in actual possession of the dead body at half-past seven, or nearer to eight o'clock the same evening, carrying it into a thicket, an overgrown mass of brushwood, on so uneven a surface of ground, that almost any of the hollows would have served as a convenient hiding-place, of the wound of his own hand, proving that he must have been engaged in mortal combat, of his acknowledg-

ment at the Coroner's Inquest, that he had taken the corpse of the Hon. Mr. Courtney from the adjoining meadow, of the pistols found there, a pair of which it had been, and would again be, proved to be the identical pair bought by him in the morning, having paid for them with a bank-note, endorsed by the counting-house firm of his own family, of the book containing the prisoner's christian and surname, in his own hand-writing, picked up by the officers sent to examine the meadow closely by the melancholy spot, where the dark coloring of the grass testified the nature of that barbarous deed, which had robbed a noble branch of an illustrious family of the child of their heart,—the only child with which Providence had blessed them, the heir to their titles, their property, and, he would add, their virtues, for he enjoyed the honor of a personal knowledge of his noble clients, and a case of more afflicting bereavement he had never before been called upon to witness, and

to sympathise with. Perhaps it could be only paralleled by the opposite extreme,—pitiable distress,—and he slightly waved back his right hand,—and unblushing depravity! and he sweepingly advanced the other towards William, whose calm placidity, though accompanied by a respectfully attentive manner, appeared to rouse the indignation of the learned counsellor.

“Would not the prisoner, my Lord,” he continued, “had he been able to justify this plea of ‘*not guilty*,’ have answered the interrogatories of the magistrate when brought before him? Would not a young heart, conscious of its innocence, have burst forth with whatever justification or excuse was in the power of its possessor? No! the young gentleman asked for time. Time, for what? the escape of his accomplices!

“It would seem, by the result of inquiry, that they must have been four of his brother-collegians, who abstracted themselves from

the town, on the exact day on which the murder was committed; and, from some circumstances, which will appear in evidence, my Lord, they were doubtlessly near the place at the instant when the prisoner was arrested, or they were waiting for him to join them, when he should have secreted the corpse. And, to this moment," and the learned gentleman, raised his hand, and spoke with emphasis, "they are in the neighbourhood!

"I will now, my Lord, submit the examination of the witnesses to the Court."

Mr. Rood, the gunsmith, was the first sworn.

He deposed to the prisoner having entered his shop, about half-an-hour before noon, on the day set forward in the indictment, that he had demanded to look at some pistols, several pairs had been shown to him, from which he selected the pair produced at the Coroner's Inquest, he, the gunsmith, immediately recognizing them, by their workmanship, and the name of the maker.

The invoice particularizing those sworn to, was handed to the Court, likewise the bank-note with which they had been paid for.

"Was the prisoner alone?" demanded Mr. Byfield.

"Quite so, Sir."

"Did none of the young men of the College pass the window, look in, or saunter about during the time the prisoner was selecting his purchase?"

"He was not long making his choice," replied the gunsmith; "but, whilst his back was to the window, and he was admiring this pair, for he seemed very much pleased with them, two of the young gentlemen, who are now missing, went by the house, arm-in-arm."

"Were you previously acquainted with their persons?"

"I know most of the collegians by sight."

"And who were those two?"

"Lord Dungarton, and Viscount St. Pierre."

"Speak louder," said his Lordship from the

Bench; the witness beginning to drop his voice, considerably, at this part of his evidence.

"You must speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the whole Court," said Mr. Byfield.

The gunsmith bowed.

"Did you see Mr. Springthorne, or the Hon. Mr. Courtney, that morning?"

"They followed one after the other, within a few minutes."

"And which way did Mr. Pierpoint take, when he quitted your shop?"

"The same."

"And does that direction lead out of the town towards the meadows?"

"No, to the College; but the meadows, the copse, and the high-road, are all on that side of the city."

"Was Mr. Edwin Pierpoint with either of the gentlemen you have mentioned?"

"I did not see him."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes; I used often to see him walking with

the young gentleman at the bar ; but, of late, I had not seen them much together."

"In whose company have you mostly seen the prisoner?"

"Repeatedly with the four young gentlemen who are absent. And it occurred to me, that, had he seen them when they passed the window, he would have called them in; and I was not sorry that he was in the position he then stood. My place is small, and persons desirous of purchasing frequently avoid a shop when they see it crowded."

"Have you seen any of the young men you have named since then?"

The witness shrunk in his shoulders, looking on each side of him with a fearful, backward glance. "I think," said he, and he hesitated—"I have heard," and again he paused.

"What have you heard, Sir?" said Mr. Byfield.

"That, Sir—that the parents of all the

young gentlemen missing are very much alarmed. They have not heard of them since the day of the Honorable Mr. Courtney's death."

"But you have both heard, and seen them," said Mr. Byfield, smiling.

The witness shuddered, and turned very pale.

"Come, come, Sir," rejoined the counsellor, rather sharply, "we must not waste the time of the Court. It is of importance that his Lordship, and the gentlemen of the jury, should be informed of the manner in which an attempt has been made to intimidate your evidence."

The witness, with much trepidation, and an occasional oblique glancing of his visual organs, related the circumstance of the firing, the shrieks, and the groans, in the wood, that had so alarmed him and his companions, when in the meadow, the second evening subsequently to the coroner's inquest. And

he named the presence of the elder Mr. Pierpoint as a guarantee for the truth of his statement.

He then began to narrate the private visitations received by him and his friend, the latter; but was desired to attend to that portion, only, which concerned himself.

"I cannot do that, Sir," said he, to the gentleman who had spoken to him. "Mr. Martin and I have been obliged to sleep in the same house, and in the same room, Sir. We have both had an extra bed placed in our chambers, and we have slept alternately at each other's residence."

"Well, Sir, and what then," said the learned counsellor.

"Why, then, Sir—it was a little better."

Here, there was a laugh, at witness's expense: even William smiled.

Mr. Rood was irritated. The temper of his disposition was very far from being mild, and he was the more annoyed at the laugh,

that William joined in it, though gently. He said he was acquainted with most of the collegians. It appeared they knew him; and he was regularly designated by that fraternity, 'old Puff, and Powder-flask.' He frowned, and looked indignantly round the court.

"You have not yet explained the nature of these nocturnal alarms, Sir," said the judge.

There was an instant silence, so profound, that the slightest movement of a foot would have detected the party careless enough to disturb attention.

"It is useless, my Lord, if I am to be laughed out of my evidence," replied the angry gunsmith.

"You are to proceed with it, Sir," replied his Lordship.

"You have already sworn," said Mr. Byfield, "that you have been frequently awakened at night, during the inquiries respecting this unhappy business, by violent

flashings of light across your eyes, without having been able to account for them by any natural causes. Have these occurrences taken place since Mr. Martin and yourself have occupied the same apartment, or only previously ?”

“ For the first fortnight after our arrangement, we rested in peace ; but, lately, again we have been much disturbed,” and the poor gunsmith sighed.

“ In whose house have the doors and windows been discovered to be wide open in the morning, after having been properly secured the over-night ?”

“ Always at Mr. Martin’s.”

“ And was this invariably the case, when you had been suddenly roused in the night by the running up and down stairs, the shrieking, falling, groaning, and pretended clashing ?”

“ Yes, Sir ; but there was no pretence.”

“ No, no, I dare say there was clashing, and flashing enough. It appears, my Lord,”

and he turned to the bench, "that the imaginations of these two witnesses—the townsman, who first detected the prisoner, and the gunsmith, who sold him the pistols, have been worked upon, to invalidate their testimonies, by making their representations appear ridiculous before the Court."

Mr. Rood here interrupted the learned gentleman, with a burst of indignation that much resembled the flashing and clashing described. He spoke with a rapidity that edged his words upon each other. "My Lord, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "am I to be ridiculed by the very counsel for the cause of which I am one of the principal witnesses?"

"You are mistaken," said Mr. Byfield; "it is the belief in supernatural appearances that is ridiculous."

"But the writing upon the wall, Sir?"

"What writing?"

“O, various cautions against giving false evidence.”

“Is it possible, Sir,” said the counsellor, with an air of surprise, “that a man of your years, and living in this enlightened age, can be unacquainted with the simple mysteries of phosphorus? Was your chamber-door locked before you went to bed on these nights of visitation?”

“I keep the full quantity of powder in the house allowed by the Act of Parliament; therefore, never fasten my room-door, that I may be easily roused in case of fire. At Mr. Martin’s it was useless locking, or even closing the doors, or the windows. I am not usually timid, Sir, nor do I believe is Mr. Martin, but we have changed our servants, sent away our apprentices for a time; still it has made no difference:” and again he sighed.

“But I will tell you what would have

made a difference, Sir," said Mr. Byfield, with some asperity. "If, when you had found sitting up and watching unavailable, you had been sufficiently courageous to get out of bed the instant that you were conscious of being awake, and commenced a determined, a vigorous search throughout the house, you would, in the end, have secured your idle visitors; and, bringing them before the Court, to answer for their folly or their culpability, for there is little doubt but that they were the prisoner's accomplices, including his cousin, still secreted in the neighbourhood; then you would, indeed, have served the cause for which you are a witness."

"Perhaps I may do that now," replied the gunsmith, abashed: and he produced a bundle, which, upon being opened, proved to be four collegiate gowns, lettered on the inside with the names of the four absent young gentlemen.

“How came you by these?” demanded Mr. Byfield.

“You will deride me, Sir.”

“No, this is material evidence. This is solid proof. Were they brought to you, or did you find them?”

The gunsmith wavered between his inclination to speak, and his fear of again being laughed at for his credulity.

“You need not hesitate,” said Mr. Byfield, “this is actual testimony. Did you find them?”

“I did, and I did not.”

“Which of the two is the Court to understand?”

“I was directed where to look for them.”

“By whom?”

“By those,” replied the witness, turning fiery red—“who have—who have”—and he made a desperate effort to command himself—
“played upon me before.”

The learned counsellor smiled. "My good Sir," said he, and he spoke in a conciliatory tone, "many a wiser man than you and I have been trifled with, but your candor, I am sure, raises you as much in the estimation of the Court, as your submitting to be imposed upon excited their surprise. We must know, however, how you became possessed of these gowns?"

"The spot was described where I should find them. They were laid behind an elm-tree, in a part of the hedge where it was closely grown, upon the London road, just out of the town."

"Was this a nightly communication?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then your unearthly visitants could speak.—I suppose you were directed to lay them before the Court.—And anything else, Sir?"

"The directions were given in very few words, and in the dark."

"Upon my word, Sir," said Mr. Byfield, "your simplicity has been astonishing? I am sorry to refer to it again, but it exceeds belief, that you should have allowed these young gentlemen to escape. Their assurance in sending these gowns before the Court, must have been with a vain, a foolish, a very idle expectation of distracting the judgment of the Court. But it clearly demonstrates this one indisputable fact, that they cannot deny the guilt of the prisoner at the bar, or they would come forward to prove his innocence!"

CHAPTER IX.

EVEN supposing that Edwin and his companions really had been within reach of the English law, and as the Courtney Counsel wished it to appear, secreted in the immediate neighbourhood, still it would have been requisite that a full disclosure of their guilt should be made.

William's life, as far as worldly wisdom was concerned, depended on the possibility of proving the gunsmith in error regarding his identity with the lad purchasing the pistols, and upon the degree of credence with which the Court would receive the statement made by him to Mr. Sergeant, and by the solicitor to the parents of the absconding parties.

That generosity which had induced him to take upon himself the responsibility of staying

by the corpse, and the influence of that goodness of heart which had dictated his whole conduct, were now to be relinquished. His life was a loan from his Maker, and duty in the preservation of that trust demanded the fullest justification of his innocence. Small were the means within his power, but these it was necessary to exert. He was entangled in a net, not of his own weaving but fabricated by the arch-enemy of mankind, "the Evil One," to destroy both soul and body of his unwary cousin.

The management of the defence was entrusted to Mr. Clifford, a man not less esteemed for private virtues than the commencing developement of public talent.

There are many who care only for the talents of a man, in whatever capacity they may employ him. But there is an inward gratification, a sweetness, a purity of delight experienced by the virtuous when virtue is combined with talent in their service.

It had been the particular desire of William that Mr. Clifford should be his Counsel. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Barton's, and William had learned to appreciate his worth before the time arrived when he needed his assistance.

Now, at the present moment, it was the duty of the learned gentleman to cross-examine the witness.

He addressed him mildly. He was rather desirous of leading him to understand the possibility of his having mistaken one cousin for the other, than to render him a second time irritable, by comparing one act of simplicity with the probability of his imagination, or, as the nocturnal visitors intimated, by the flashings across his eyes, the likelihood of his sight having duped his judgment. And had not Mr. Rood been equally vindictive with Mr. Martin in his ill-will towards the collegians, his mind would have expanded to receive the arguments of the learned Barrister;

and he would have been saved the shame, as the writing on the wall had cautioned him, of 'giving false evidence.'

He however took a wrong notion into his head. He was not aware that it is more honorable to emancipate ourselves from errors than to persevere in them.

He felt that he had been ridiculed out of one folly, therefore that it was necessary to be firm in his other assertions. And when he quitted the witness-box he had enforced, to the utmost of his power, each injurious statement that he had previously made:

Many were the looks of commiseration bestowed upon the prisoner from various parts of the Court. Quiet, deep attention was the only expression perceptible on his features. Nor was it altered in the slightest degree as the evidence for the prosecution continued.

The townsman and his two companions, who had arrested William when intending to carry the corpse through the wood;—the sur-

geon, whose examination of the dead body had been recorded on the Coroner's inquest;—the attending surgeon at the jail, who had dressed the wound of William's hand;—the individuals who had seen him leave the town; walking towards the meadows—the book in his hand being the attracting point of remembrance;—the officers, dispatched thither by the magistrate, who had discovered the pistols with the eventful book near the darkly-stained grass, proving the spot where the duel had taken place, or as it might appear the murder had been committed, were severally questioned by Mr. Byfield, the learned judge, the jury, and cross-examined by the prisoner's counsel, but no deviation transpired from their previous attestations at the coroner's inquest.

Mr. Clifford then addressed the Court in behalf of the prisoner.

He laid before his lordship and the gentlemen of the jury a plain unvarnished account of William's amiability, in running the risk of

temporary embarrassment to himself, the better to secure the escape of his cousin and his three friends.

He detailed fully the minutest circumstance—movement—word or look that passed among the young gentlemen after that he—the prisoner—arrived upon the scene of action, which was not until the fatal weapon had been fired. The first sight that greeted his horrified view, as he leaped the stile, was the honorable Mr. Courtney stretched a corpse upon the ground ; his cousin, with his hands clasped, and with his three companions rushing towards him.

The learned gentleman then proceeded to state the decorous conduct of the cousins when they first entered College—of the gradual decline of Mr. Edwin's attention to his studies, and of his unhappy intimacy, as the result proved, with the deceased, with Lord Dungarton, Viscount St. Pierre, and Mr. Springthorne, who usually formed a group

that was to be seen in most parts of the town sometime during each day.

He positively asserted, upon credible evidence, that the prisoner had never joined this party in any of their excursions,—in any of their pleasures, or walked with them, unless they had chanced to overtake each other when going in the same direction, consequently could not have been seen *repeatedly* together.

He would presently place in the witness-box the gentleman whose respectable testimony would outweigh, depress, and sink to utter improbability that of the spectre-deluded gunsmith. And he would prove, to the satisfaction of the Court, that it was not Mr. William Pierpoint but Mr. Edwin Pierpoint who was intimate with the young men spoken of.

The learned counsel, on the opposite side, had commented in warm terms on the pitiable distress he had been called upon to witness and to sympathize with.—But if the sensibili-

ties of the learned gentleman had been so severely wounded in sympathizing for a misfortune that was irretrievable, how much more painful must be the peculiar delicacy of his situation—Painful! It was a more distressing duty than he could have expected would fall to his lot in thus early a stage of his public career.—He was called upon, by the most imperative duty, to destroy the happiness of one portion of an amiable family, to support the innocence of a member of the other part. He had been obliged, by the exposure of the two cousins, to tear away with unflinching hand the last link of security on which no less fond and virtuous parents than those of the deceased Mr. Courtney depended, in the hope of saving the life of equally an only child—the sole heir to their wealth and their virtues.

Much had been said upon the testimony of one pair of pistols, but the evidence of a second pair, found on the same ill-favored spot,

had been passed over in silence. If the learned gentleman could have proved that they did not belong to Mr. Courtney, why did he not do so? And, if there was a probability or certainty that they were the property of the deceased, then the case was no longer one of 'unblushing depravity,' with which the learned gentleman had been pleased to apostrophise the prisoner at the bar!—It was a case in which both parties might have subjected themselves to the fate by which one was ultimately overwhelmed.

Whether the deceased Mr. Courtney met his death in consequence of *deliberate* anger, as preponderatingly in his own heart as that of his antagonist, or, and which would appear more likely from their extreme youth, that the catastrophe was the result of a quarrel at the moment, he was not prepared to answer. Neither would he, in either event, for the value of his profession, stand before the Court to offer the least shadow of an excuse,

for any client whatever, whose vain-glory and presumption had dared to hurl a fellow-creature to that destruction which must be the portion of those who appear unbidden before their Maker,—themselves seeking the doom of everlasting death! Happily for him the innocent alone claimed his exertions. It was in behalf only of the innocent that he appealed to the justice of the Court. That he besought them, in mercy, and in justice, to bear in mind the confession made by the noble-spirited prisoner at the bar.

It was not an avowal wrung from him under the fear of punishment—one slight portion he had bravely endured. It was not a subterfuge taking advantage of the absence of the witnesses of the deed—they could be at any future time brought against him. Nor was it a statement given to the public to obtain the suffrage of their good opinion before the trial came on. No! It was the private—the confidential communication made

by the prisoner to his father's solicitor, from whom he expected advice:—to his family, to whom it may naturally be believed he spoke the truth.

He (Mr. Clifford) must again refer to the words of his eloquent opponent. There was a striking sentence in the argument of the learned gentleman that must have carried conviction to the judgment of the Court from the sound sense it conveyed. "Would not, my Lord," said that eloquent pleader, "a young heart, conscious of its innocence, have burst forth with whatever justification or excuse was in the power of its possessor?"

The confession now offered to the Court was that justification!—The prisoner's conduct needed no excuse. It was dictated by goodness of heart, supported by conscious integrity.

The learned gentleman concluded amidst a strong murmur of satisfaction.

The solicitor then ascended the witness-box.

Well-accustomed to Courts of Justice, he experienced no more hesitation as a witness than he would have done as a pleader, had that been his vocation. He at once took up the cause of his young friend, and in a manner that gained him universal approbation. Without intruding on the patience of the Court, as he repeated the explanation already detailed by the learned Mr. Clifford, he passed his own remarks on the indubitable nature of the statement from his knowledge of the different and peculiar dispositions of the two cousins, with whom he had been acquainted from their infancy.

The parents of the absentees, with the exception of Mr. Pierpoint, who was not called, also bore testimony that the prisoner's justification had been communicated to them within the week subsequently to the catastrophe.

They had neither heard of their sons, nor received news from them of any kind, since their flight.

They totally discredited the supposition of their being secreted in the neighbourhood. The gowns must have been left by them previously to their taking the London coach. Possibly in the exact place where Mr. Rood was directed to look for them, having been discovered by those who did not choose to bring themselves forward upon the subject, yet wished them to be laid before the Court.

The driver of that evening stage, unfortunately for the relief of their anxieties, had shortly afterwards been thrown from his box—received a concussion of the brain, and there was great doubt if ever he would sufficiently recover to be enabled to give his evidence.

One of the professors of the College, from his personal observation, corrected the assertion of the gunsmith, respecting the intimacy of the prisoner with Lord Dungarton, Viscount St. Pierre, and Mr. Springthorne. He had himself represented to Mr. Edwin Pier-

point, that if those young men did not feel the necessity of greater assiduity, it was a great pity that he who had begun so well should fall into the same idleness.

He likewise said, that it was possible Mr. Rood might have mistaken one cousin for the other, if his knowledge of them had been confined to seeing them walking in the town. There was considerable family resemblance in person and general appearance.

The professor added, that it was much to be regretted Mr. Rood had not been informed of his error before the impression of the prisoner's identity had sunk so deeply into his mind.

Still, with these favorable certificates to justify the prisoner's plea of "not guilty," the fact of his having been taken in the actual possession of the dead body could not be contradicted. And the wound of his own hand, and the perseverance of the gunsmith to the first deposition that William was the

youth to whom he had sold one of the pairs of pistols found upon the scene of action, with the book bearing his own signature, and the production of the £50 bank-note with which the pistols had been paid for, remained uncontroverted evidence. And the learned counsel for the defence requested (as a last resource) the indulgence of the Court whilst he should put one more question to the gunsmith.

“It appears, Sir,” said Mr. Clifford, “that you are resolved upon the prisoner at the bar having placed in your hands the £50 note displayed to the Court. I think I have understood that there was no one in the shop to distract your notice from your customer, and that his back was towards the window when his collegiate friends passed by. You have endeavoured to be very clear in these particulars, Sir—now it strikes me, Sir, as being decidedly possible, that when your customer had selected the pair with which you say he

seemed to be much pleased, that you should have looked to him for payment."

"Certainly," replied the gunsmith, "I looked to him for payment, and I looked at him also."

"Very well," said Mr. Clifford, "then of course you can inform the Court whether it was pocket-book, or purse, from which he drew the note, and what the color of either."

A malicious smile crept over the face of the gunsmith, and he answered with a bold undaunted air, "It was neither! It was neither purse nor pocket-book from which the note was drawn. It was from a letter!"

A faint exclamation from the gallery was heard immediately upon this announcement.

There had been undivided—there had been intense attention from every fair individual looking down upon that tribunal of life and death—upon every variety of evidence given by the witnesses, or detailed by the eloquent pleaders at the bar.

The learned Mr. Byfield had commanded the passions of the listeners. Scarcely a breath had mingled with the atmosphere unembarrassed by the wish to repress it, whilst the past sad scene was laid before their view.

The tender sentiments of those fair beings, whose hearts palpitate responsively to the finer feelings of sweetness and compassion, had been largely called upon by the nature of the defence, and, pursuing the line of mercy consonant with those feelings, their sympathies had rested with deeply-excited interest upon the prisoner.

CHAPTER X.

WILLIAM, we have said, had humiliated himself at the throne of a just God, and, not presuming upon his own righteousness, had depended, in humble faith, on that Wisdom, who knoweth and permitteth all things,—that Providence, which, having been a cloudy pillar in his path, was now to turn the bright column of its light upon his integrity and truth.

A nobleman, known to many gentlemen present as Lord Mount-Clear, the father of the beautiful heiress who was expected to grace the Assize-ball with her presence, ascended quickly towards the gallery, upon the exclamation which had proceeded thence. He returned with as much rapidity, and placed in the hand of the prisoner's counsel a letter, which, from its

appearance, indicated that it had some time previously passed through the post.

Mr. Clifford looked at it,—he turned it in his hand,—the seal was broken,—he opened it, read its contents, and a bright smile beamed upon his intelligent countenance.

This letter, so momentous to the interesting prisoner, was directed to his cousin, Mr. Edwin Pierpoint. It contained a few hurried lines from the senior Mr. Pierpoint to his son, mentioning the amount, and number of the note, exactly corresponding with that produced and sworn to by the gunsmith.

During the reading of this to the Court, Mr. Rood turned pale, and an alarmed look succeeded the malicious smile which had overspread his features. He was as one awakened in a sudden fright, and he trembled at the offence to the laws of God and man, which he began to perceive he had committed.

The learned Counsel for the prosecution in-

terfered. He demanded to see the letter. He objected to its being received as evidence. But the Court over-ruled the objection, and he was obliged to submit to the subversion of the whole fabric of the prisoner's guilt, which he had so ably labored to enforce.

Mr. Rood would willingly have retracted his positive and solemn oath, that William was the young gentleman who had paid him the £50 bank-note specified in that letter, but, to do so, was no longer in his power; his evidence had been recorded; and, when the Court broke up, he, and his friend the hatter, slunk off to their homes, wishing they had been less deluded in their fear of spectres, and less vindictive towards one collegian for the faults of many.

The delivery of the letter to Mr. Edwin Pierpoint was proved by a junior servitor of the College, and, by the post-office receipt, acknowledging a money-letter enclosing £50,

agreeing with the date of the stamp on the letter, and signed 'Edwin Pierpoint,' in his own hand-writing.

The writing was sworn to by his father, that father obliged to appear in evidence against his son! The letter, also, he confirmed as having been penned by himself and forwarded to Edwin.

It now became a matter of severe scrutiny, with all parties actively interested in the proceedings before the Court; the reason of this valuable document being withheld until so late a period of the public trial; and why it had not been yielded to the private investigations, which had obviously endeavored to ransack every probable and possible source of information.

It appeared by the examination of the maid-servant, discharged by the gunsmith, according to his own evidence, that, on the evening of the day on which the pistols had been purchased, and the murder committed, her master,

as was his usual custom, went out immediately that the shop was closed. She had fastened the door after him, when, perceiving a gun-case to have fallen from the counter to the floor, she stooped to pick it up, and, in so doing, uncovered the letter now produced.

She could read her Bible,—knew the extreme wickedness, and the punishment also in this world to which she would subject herself, by speaking falsely upon her oath, but would positively declare, that she neither looked at the address when she raised the letter from the ground, nor when she placed it in the drawer of her work-box, intending to give it to her master on his return. But the boy, who was then absent from the house, brought her, soon afterwards, the account of the college young gentleman being taken before the magistrate under suspicion of murder. Mr. Rood, when he came home, related the particulars of the circumstance. Altogether there was so much stir and excitement in the

town, and not hearing any inquiries about a letter, or mention of one, it entirely slipped her memory.

“When did it recur to her mind?”

“Two days previously. About that same hour.”

She was now living as waiting-maid to the daughter of Lord Mount-Clear, who had received her into her service, whilst her own servant was visiting her sick relatives. Her ladyship said, that she was acquainted with the sister of a young gentleman, who had been some years abroad, in consequence of a delicate state of health, but who had been a school-fellow of the prisoner's before he left England; and that she had heard him so highly spoken of, she could not do otherwise than feel interested for his unhappy situation. The young lady questioned her closely regarding every report that had been in circulation, and, in repeating the news as it first arrived to her, she remembered that she had found a letter on that particular

evening in her master's shop, and which she had omitted to give him. She mentioned it, and her Ladyship demanded to see it.

Instantly that the young lady looked at the direction, she desired her to follow her to the drawing-room; when Lord and Lady Mount-Clear, having examined the contents, and the post-marks on the outside, informed her, that it might be of the most important service to the young gentleman, imprisoned for the murder, if there should be any doubts in his favor—they had not heard that there were any; but, it would be requisite she should be careful of the document, and not allow it to be out of her possession for a moment.—She must come into town with them, and remain at the hotel, where the carriage would be put up. They would attend the trial, and send for her, if her evidence should be wanted. She had been sent for, and was standing on the stairs leading to the gallery, when her old master's voice caught her ear, saying: it was

neither purse, nor pocket-book, from which the note was drawn; it was from a letter. Her young mistress made a slight exclamation—Lord Mount-Clear came to her, and asked her for it. That was the letter now in the hands of that gentleman—Mr. Clifford.

She confessed, with much reluctance, that she was aware Mr. Rood's apprentice, a lad about fifteen years of age, also Mr. Martin's, had been instructed to play tricks upon their masters. She did not precisely know by whom, nor did they: though it was suspected that they were some of the prisoner's friends, and brother-collegians.

"Were they the party who commenced the alarms by the shrieks and firing in the wood?"

"She believed they were."

"Did she know by what means they became possessed of the four collegiate gowns?"

"She had understood, that they discovered them behind an elm-tree, in the hedge on the

high-road, just without the town, where Mr. Rood was directed to look for them."

Several respectable persons residing in the neighbourhood gave the girl a good character; and Mr. Rood, himself, was constrained to admit, that, during the three years she had lived in his house, previously to these transactions, he considered her conduct irreproachable.

The junior Mr. Pierpoint, in his communication to William, enclosing the same sum as that transmitted by his brother, to his son, had mentioned the amount, only: consequently, that letter had been useless, Edwin's not being forthcoming to substantiate the number of the note sent in his.

Nor could it now be admitted as evidence, that his statement was true, with respect to his having given his own fifty pounds to his cousin; upon the understanding, though by looks, only, he confessed, that Edwin had purchased the pistols with his own.

But, it was perfectly satisfactory to the

Court, that the gunsmith had labored under delusion, in regard to the identity of the prisoner; which delusion arose from the fact, of one cousin having purchased the deadly weapons in the morning, and the other cousin, —both bearing a strong family resemblance,—being detected, in the evening of the same day, in actual possession of the dead body, with various coinciding circumstances.

But, in absence of all evidence, to prove that the prisoner had caused, or been accessory to, the death of the Honorable Mr. Courtney.

When the learned judge had summed-up the evidence, commented upon various parts, and animadverted in strong terms upon the conduct of the young men which had excited the irritability of the towns-people against their members, the jury, without retiring from the box, returned in favor of the prisoner, the verdict—"NOT guilty!"

The Court adjourned upon the acquittal of the prisoner, and rose simultaneously, at the

moment that his friends crowded towards him.

His father was there. Unknown to William he had watched the whole proceedings; and he now clasped, in a short, convulsive embrace, that son to his heart, whose steadiness and integrity crowned his paternal anxiety with honor and glory.

The learned judge, as he descended from the bench, stretched forth his hand—the hand which had ever been the right-hand of justice, and amiably pressed that of Mr. Pierpoint. He, also, was a father.

The jury, and almost every gentleman present, congratulated the happy parent.

The ladies leaned forward from the gallery, to take a last look at one so young, so handsome, and so noble.

William, when he had received the embraces of his friends, ventured, as they prepared to quit the Court, a glance—his first glance at the gallery.

He there met with a radiance of smiles,

that nearly dazzled his young gaze. But he saw not the fair face from whom he concluded the exclamation had proceeded.

Many a delicate hand waved a kind farewell, as relatives and friends led them away, to conduct them to their carriages: but the fair hand of her, who had so amiably interested herself in his fate, was not there.

His imagination, impressed with the sweetness of his mother's countenance, had formed, with the rapidity of a grateful mind, an expectation of loveliness in the daughter of Lord Mount-Clear, surpassing the general beauty of feature and of form. Gratitude was in his heart, but he met not with the reciprocal glance of acceptance; and he turned away with a sigh, that excited a smile in the yet partially-crowded court.

Lord Mount-Clear, with his wife and daughter, were standing by the side of his father; and, they, who witnessed the first introduction between those young and amiable

and the daughter of Lord Mount-Clear, were all

hearts—the late prisoner, arraigned for his life before a tribunal of his country, and the lovely and noble heiress, to whom all hearts aspired, if, only, to admire, and pass on their way—acknowledged the goodness of Providence, in selecting so beauteous an object, through whom to effect his righteous decrees.

CHAPTER XI.

It would be almost profanation to the holy joy of pure affection, to attempt to describe the scene that ensued on William's joining his family at the hotel.

His uncle, Mr. Barton, and the friendly solicitor were there to meet him.

The senior Mr. Pierpoint and his amiable wife, raised above the remembrance of their unworthy son, by this general diffusion of happiness, seemed, for the moment, perfectly unmindful that a baneful sorrow lay corroding at their hearts; and before leaving the town, which had been to them a place of grief and joy, they united with William's parents in settling a comfortable annuity on the good old jailor and his wife. The kind-hearted waiter,

whose services had been principally employed between the prison and the hotel, was liberally rewarded. They added munificent donations to many of the charities belonging to the college, and to others, which benefitted the extreme poor, only, of the neighbourhood: and the family and friends, accompanied by William, took their departure, amid public blessings and congratulations.

What had become of Edwin and his friends, now, once more must be inquired into.

Confidential communications had been made to various foreign correspondents, and agents had been despatched in numerous directions. They returned, and answers arrived—but all unsuccessful. Some of the principal cities in Europe and North America were visited individually, by the parents of Lord Dungarton, Viscount St. Pierre, and Mr. Springthorne, who were equally assiduous with the Messrs. Pierpoint; but no clue, nor the slightest

information, could be obtained of the young men ; and the greatest distress was necessarily experienced by each party.

It was about twelve months, from the date of the trial, when William, having one morning arrived home from a tour amid the islands, and along the northern coast of Scotland, whither he and his uncle had been pursuing the continually-disappointed search ; and just as he had dressed himself, descended to the hall, and was on the point of stepping towards his father's carriage, giving orders to be driven to the residence of Lord Mount-Clear, with whose family the Pierpoints were now extremely intimate, when a young man—his upper-lip circled by a dark moustache—hair of the same color, combed straightly over his forehead to the very eye-brows, with hat slouched and person entirely enveloped in a large lark cloak of Spanish or Portuguese make, closely approached him, and lightly

touching him upon the arm, demanded in a low tone of voice if all friends were well.

William started—but the succeeding inquiry, “Am I safe?” recalled prudence to its full vigor, and motioning the stranger to follow him he turned on his heel, ascended the broad steps which based the portico of the house—traversed the hall, the stairs, threw open the wide folding-doors of the drawing-room, reclosed them as the seeming foreigner entered, and announced the long lost, the truant Edwin.

The elegant piece of embroidery upon which Mrs. Pierpoint had been employing her time fell unheeded to the ground. She rose, advanced to her nephew, and as William released him from a warm affectionate embrace, smilingly extended both her hands.

Edwin clasped them to his heart. “Can any dear generous aunt,” said he, “forgive that misconduct which so nearly destroyed her noble-minded son?”

"It has been long forgiven, my dear Edwin," replied that amiable lady, embracing him. And the tears which she abundantly shed, and the tenderness with which she listened to the detail of her wayward nephew's mischances, still further proved that sweetness of disposition which had dictated the caution to her upright child, when in affliction, not to presume upon his own righteousness.

"But my dear Edwin," said Mrs. Pierpoint, before he commenced his little narrative; "by what means do you propose informing your mother of your return?"

"I have dreaded to undertake any," he answered. "I must depend on you and William."

"Your cousin, then, shall invite your dear parents to dine with us to-day, leading them to understand, that they may expect to hear news of you in the evening. Your mother's delicate frame, agitated as it has been, during so

many months, would not support the shock of your suddenly appearing before her. Nor would your father be able to restrain the joy which the sight of you would occasion him, were he to be first informed."

"O my kind, amiable aunt," cried Edwin, "I am all obedience to whatever your prudence dictates. Mine has been a bitter lesson, but I have *learned* it, William," turning to his cousin; "and, by the blessing of God, I hope I shall never forget it."

Mr. and Mrs. Pierpoint were early to the appointment. They were promised the introduction of a stranger in the evening, who had seen Edwin and his friends, and had brought the intelligence that they were well.

Mr. Barton, Mr. Serjeant, and Mr. Clifford, were of the party. They easily perceived that Mrs. William Pierpoint wished her brother and sister-in-law to anticipate the more immediate return of their son to England, than her mere words expressed; and they kindly

assisted her, by remarks and questions tending to the same point.

Longer to retain the knowledge of the truth would have been cruel ; but, the distressing faintings to which Mrs. Pierpoint had been subjected, from the first intimation of her son being a murderer, and a wanderer, and which had repeatedly occurred at the disappointments of obtaining information respecting him, made precautions requisite.

Edwin was an only child, and the yearnings of the fond parent had the more deeply preyed upon her health, from the probability, that, if Edwin were away considerable time beyond each present moment, as she felt the decrease of her strength, when at last he should revisit the paternal mansion, or permit his friends to visit him, he would find that he no more had a mother to forgive and to bless him.

The dinner was removed, and whilst the ladies yet lingered over the dessert, Mrs. William Pierpoint, having satisfactorily as-

certained that the relief to her sister's anxiety had the effect, rather, of soothing than agitating her spirits, ventured, as an additional preparative, to give a succinct account of her nephew's adventures.

"Edwin and his companions," said Mrs. William, "arrived in London by the coach, on the roof of which my son had seen them, and quitted it the same morning. They were fortunate in gaining a passage to Holland in a private vessel, and sailed, with wind and tide in their favor, unsuspected by the few persons with whom they had communication. The weather continued fine, and the wind fair, until they approached the Dutch coast, the second morning. It then suddenly changed, and blew a complete hurricane, which lasted the entire day; and the ensuing night being unusually dark, the vessel became unmanageable, and struck upon a sand-bank.

"I will not distress you by a lengthened

detail of the sufferings and privations of all on board during this time of peril, but were I entirely to pass it over, it could not be so well comprehended, that our dear Edwin has been qualified, by severe trials, for that pardon which I know awaits him, from all of us, who are privileged to forgive the share of affliction we have ourselves endured."

Mrs. Pierpoint was much moved; and, with a trembling voice, entreated her sister not to omit the slightest occurrence in which her son had been concerned.

"He and his companions," replied that lady, "assisted at the pumps, and in the arduous labor of throwing overboard whatever could be got at, in order to lighten the ship. Their spirits, however, were fast failing from fatigue and exhaustion, not having tasted food for four-and-twenty hours, with the exception of a small piece of raw salt-beef, from a cask which had been brought on deck, previously to the storm, for the captain's inspection; the

steward having reported it to be old stores, included amongst the ship's provisions, and sent on board by mistake, he supposed; when, at day-light, providentially a vessel was observed in the distance, and, in a short time afterwards, a boat was seen rapidly coming towards them, the tempest having now considerably abated.

"She proved to belong to an outward-bound Dutch Indiaman, who had espied their signal of distress, and immediately sent off to their assistance. Our young friends were hurried into the boat, and expected that the captain and crew would follow them, but they pushed off, and the captain wished them good-bye, saying, his men had volunteered to stay by him, and he was determined not to leave the Anna-Maria as long as he could keep a spar of her above water."

"In the notice of that vessel, at Lloyd's," said Mr. Pierpoint, "it was stated that the wreck had been towed into Rotterdam, and afterwards broken up. It mentioned that

‘all hands’ were saved, but did not particularize passengers.”

“Captain Steenbergen, the Dutch captain,” continued the amiable narrator, “was a most humane man. He received the distressed voyagers with the greatest possible kindness, and directly ordered berths to be prepared for them, with warm clothes and bedding, whilst he directed the steward in the quantity of biscuit to be steeped in brandy, and the number of fresh eggs to be boiled for each, telling them good-naturedly, in French, a language they all understood, that they might eat what they pleased with impunity, when they should have regained their strength by sleep.

After some hours’ repose, he inquired of them if it would be of importance where they might be landed, as he should be obliged to avail himself of the first chance of sending them ashore : he was under sailing orders not to touch at any port, until his arrival at Ma-

deira, nor then, should the wind be favorable for his proceeding.

“Edwin had informed Captain Markham; that his family, and those of his companions, were waiting for them at Rotterdam, thence to make an excursion up the Rhine.

“Without doubt the Captain sought for Mr. George Bruton, at the firm of Van Slays and Huysen’s, the name which he had given, and the house to which he said he was directed to inquire the address of his friends, and must have imagined there had been some mistake in reference to the Dutch names.

“Under Edwin’s circumstances, it was his aim to keep clear of pursuit. Madeira was out of the usual track, which was most likely to be immediately thought of; he therefore substituted that island for the Rhine, and said, in reply to the question of the kind captain, that his friends at Rotterdam had intended sailing, in a vessel of their own, for Madeira,

as soon as he and his companions had joined them. They would hear from Captain Markham, that they had been taken from his ship, and received on board of an outward-bound Indian; consequently, would naturally expect that they should proceed onwards. Should they now lose time in returning to England, refitting for the voyage, and again pursue their way to Holland, they might have the mortification of finding their friends had preceded them to the Atlantic; but what to do without clothes or money was certainly a most serious consideration, the trifle they had in their pockets not being worth speaking of.

Captain Steenbergen made no great difficulty of the matter. He kindly supplied them with every requisite article of clothing, and agreed to leave that, and the passage-money, to be settled between their friends, and a merchant at Madeira, to whom he would give them a letter of introduction. He could receive the amount on his passage homeward."

The whole party here united in commend-

ing the generous conduct of Captain Steenberg. Mrs. Pierpoint bestowed on him the blessing of a grateful mother. Her husband and brother promised themselves the pleasure of more substantially expressing their acknowledgments, than, even, by the blessing, in which they heartily concurred. Mrs. William Pierpoint again resumed the narrative of her nephew's troubles, and consequent advantages.—That mixture of good and evil, wisely ordained to soften to repentance, whilst it humiliates and corrects the passions.

“To Madeira, they were uninterrupted by accident or delay: a tolerably-fair wind accompanied them the whole distance.

“Upon nearing the island, the letter of introduction was presented to them; and the Captain, taking a kind farewell of his youthful passengers, saw them safely landed, from a boat which had put off to the ship from the harbour, and continued on his course.

“The recommendation, you may believe,

never reached the hands of the merchant to whom it was addressed. The young men trusted to receiving remittances from home, in time to provide the money before Captain Steenbergen's return to Madeira : and being alarmed by the number of English residents, and the constant succession of visitors and invalids, they disposed of their watches, which they fortunately had about them at the time of the wreck, with their seals, rings, and Edwin's diamond pin ; and hastened to quit the little capital of Funchal, with the view of travelling about the island, until the sailing of the first packet should allow of their sending news of their movements to England, with requests for the necessary assistance."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Pierpoint, "that they amused themselves without sufficiently calculating our anxieties."

"They were unacquainted with the localities of the place," replied Mrs. William, "consequently, could not so well manage their time ;

and, for that, and the succeeding opportunity were unhappily too late."

"Subsequently to this last disappointment, not being able to afford the expense of a guide, they lost themselves upon that wild, desolate region, the northern summit of the Serra Mountain,* of which, our old friend, Mr. Lieskenshoeck, used to give so dismal an account. For two days and nights they wandered about, or lay beneath the Broom,† which you are aware, to the height of five or six feet, forms one of the principal shrubs covering this wilderness. At length, cold, hungry, and despairing, they considered their situation hopeless : but that Great God, who regards all his creatures with an eye of mercy, sent a friend to their relief."

* Paulda Serra. 5150 feet above the level of the sea.

† The *Genista Canariensis*, or Madeira Broom, greatly degenerates in size and beauty in this country; but the specimen presented, the *Spartianthus Juncens*, or Spanish Broom, flourishes vigorously in our open gardens.

"Who was it?" eagerly demanded Mrs. Pierpoint; "the goodness of providence seems to have watched over my child, notwithstanding his errors."

"It will remain a moral to the end of his existence, my dear sister. The whole of the circumstances combined—sorrows, difficulties, and mercies, have doubtlessly worked a salutary effect. The amiable youth, whose fair friend saved William's life, was no less instrumental in preserving that of his cousin. Almost from the date of his last letter to William, he had been residing at different parts of the island. His health is now so greatly restored, that he travels as much for pleasure, as the further strengthening of his constitution. He ascended the Monte Serra with his tutor and guide, and discovered our unhappy party, in a state of deplorable wretchedness. He relieved them from his own basket of provisions, sent for aid to the valley of Vicente, where they had last dwelt, and had them conveyed carefully down the pre-

cipitous heights, lodged them at his own house, which he had taken for the season, tended them with the affectionate solicitude of a brother, paid the little debts which they had contracted, and upon Lord Dungarton ; and Edwin recovering from a severe illness, he informed them of the trial, of William's acquittal, and of the inquiries instituted for them by their families.

“ This information, though communicated with all gentleness, yet, supported as it was, by the evidence of the English newspapers, produced in Edwin a relapse of a more serious nature, and of longer duration, than the previous indisposition.

“ He is now comparatively well, and, if it is possible, without risk of detection, to visit us, he will do so before many days.

‘ Hours !’ exclaimed Mrs. Pierpoint, clasping her hands. “ I know your kindness,” she added, faintly. “ The stranger !—let me see him—directly.”

William was already at the dining-room

door: the next instant the repentant Edwin was kneeling at the feet of his father and his mother—those amiable parents, so ready to forgive, yet, so deeply wounded by his faults and his crimes. And, here, with that beautiful verse of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, let us draw to a conclusion. “Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.”

Edwin ultimately became as virtuous and upright as he had been arrogant and unjust; and on the day that his cousin was united to the lovely daughter of Lord Mount-Clear, he conducted to a foreign* altar, a near relative, and beautiful resemblance of his affectionate aunt.

The amiable young barrister, in a very few years, attained to considerable celebrity in his

* Edwin was obliged to pass the remainder of his life abroad.

profession. The friendly solicitor, and the worthy Mr. Barton, continued their attachment to the family. And the latter, at his death, devised the whole of his property equally between the two cousins, with the exception of his library and valuable collection of prints, which were bequeathed to William, as a peculiar testimony of his affectionate regard, and a memento that he had 'learned his lesson' in early life, a period at which they had been designed for him.

Edwin acknowledged the justice of this last characteristic trait of the upright old Quaker-gentleman, and failed not to impress on the minds of his children, when they were of an age to understand this truth—that, whatever may be the opinion of a small portion of the world, a virtuous deed is the only affair which can properly be termed

'AN AFFAIR OF HONOR!'

FINIS.

^a χ^2 test for independence. χ^2 = 1.04, df = 1, p = .31.



